



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

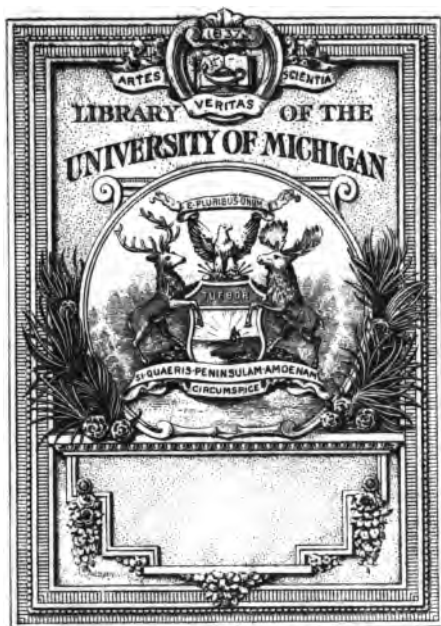
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

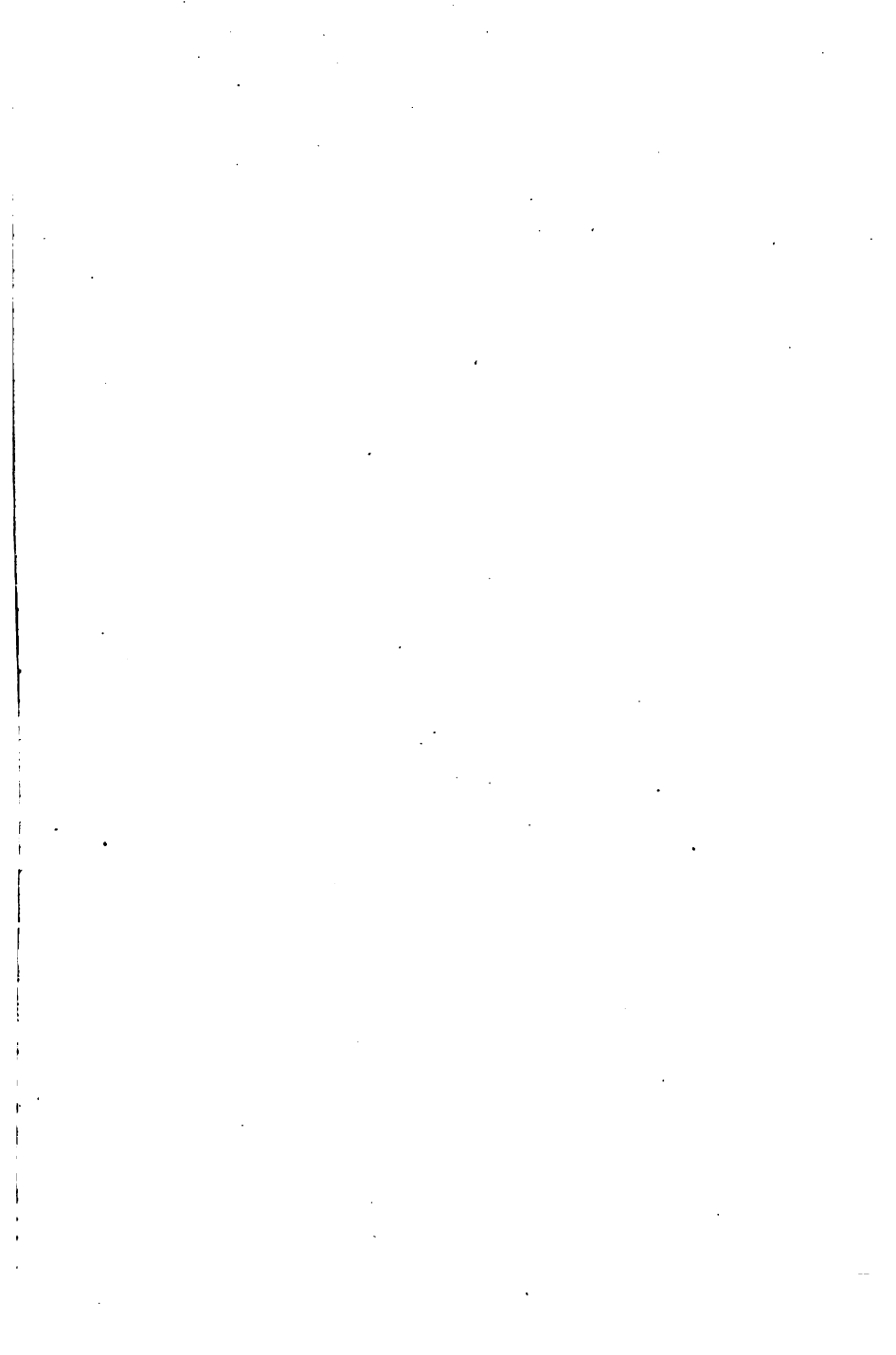
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



50

828
C5-936a







APRIL DAYS

BY

LUELLA CLARK



Boston: Richard G. Badger
The Gorham Press

1904

Copyright 1904 by Luella Clark
All rights reserved

*Printed at
The Gorham Press,
Boston, U. S. A.*

To the Unseen but Unforgotten

©M

141346



CONTENTS

April Days	9
Up the Hill	10
At Bethlehem	11
Thinking and Working	12
Signs of Summer	15
Sure	16
A Bit of Arbutus	17
Whence and Whither?	18
Welcome	19
On Memorial Day	19
Muriel	21
The End	22
Coming	23
Who Knows?	24
Where?	25
Beyond	26
Recompense	29
If You Love Me	30
Foreshadowings	31
June	32
With Thee	33
Dead	33
After	34
The Good Shepherd	35
Resurrection	36
Not for Us	37
Forgive	40
My Secret	40
Security	42
How Long?	42
August Afternoon	43
Reward	44
The Fir Tree	44
Fate	45
Intercession	45
Easter Lilies	46

Lend a Hand	47
To a Bird	48
Only Seven	51
Aspiration	53
In Memory	55
In the Rain	56
A Little While	57
Peace and Good Will	58
On Christmas Day	59
My Dream	61
Be Kind	62
At Sea	63
Sleep	64
Sewing	65
Jesus Wept	66
Morning	66
At Sunset	68
Sowing and Reaping	68
The Soldier's Grave	69
Risen	71
Washington	72
Hepatica	73
Gratefulness	74
Make Hay While the Sun Shines	75
Grace	77
Emblems	78
Sometime	80
New	81
Thanks	81
Thine Own	82
In Lent	84
Rest	84
A Dead Rose	85
Questionings	86
Thy Work	87
One May	88
Wait	90

Shadows	98
Giving	98
Safe	94
The Empty Nest	95
It Might Have Been	96
Ascension	98
April	99
A Leaf of Laurel	99
In May	102
Near	103
Life	103
A Birdsnest	104
Snow Drifts	105
The Coming Year	106
No Grave	107
One Easter	108
One Summer	109
February	110
What Matter?	110
Only This	111
Acquiescence	112
As You Will	113
Compensation	114
Twilight	115
Not Knowing	116
The Old Year	116
Beulah	117
Good Cheer	119
Life in Death	120
Hasten	121
Milly and I	122
How Long	124
Content	124
One by One	125
The Name of Jesus	126
War	127
Sleep On	128

Spring Song	129
When Christmas Comes	129
Only a Day	131
Too Late	133
Gathering Primroses	135
A Picture	137
In Remembrance	138
Victory	139
In the Valley	140
Good Night	142
Success	144
Thanksgiving	144
Confidence	146
After Ascension	147
Song of Summer	148
Nutting	149
Trust	150
A Reply	151
Easter Morning	152
Once	153
What?	154
Reunion	155
Dreaming	156
Why?	157
Christmas Night	158
A Parting Song	159
June—To One in Heaven	160
Every Day	161
A Prophecy	167
Seedtime and Harvest	168
Loss	169
Led	171
Shut Your Eyes	172
A Valentine	174
An Old Friend	174
Assurance	175
Going	177

APRIL DAYS

The April days have come; the south winds blow.
In homestead trees at morn the robin sings;
Swift through the softened air the swallows go,
With warmth upon their wings.

O'er all the vales the quickening sunshine gleams,
The timid violets' purple leaves unfold,
And on the banks of swollen meadow streams
The cowslip spreads its gold.

With wakeful life the earth's warm pulses stir;
Brown buds unroll bright banners on the air,
And countless fairy fingers, dripping myrrh,
The summer's robes prepare.

Impatient soul, weak and complaining still,
Are all thy hopes, slow struggling to the light,
Less worth than these frail buds no frost could kill,
Or winds of winter blight?

For, though the spring shall come with tardy feet,
And snows lock late the germs, we do not fear;
Still with unfailing faith our hearts repeat,
"The summer days are near."

The good we hoped to gain has failed us—well,
We do not see the ending—and the boon
May wait us down the ages—who can tell?
And bless us amply soon.

In God's eternal plan, a month, a year,
Is but an hour of some slow April day,
Holding the germs of what we hope or fear,
To blossom far away.

And rayless days must come and nights of mist,
And, after brooding sunshine, dreary showers;
Chill dews delay the buds the south wind kissed,
And, late, bloom fairer flowers.

We pray for growth and strength; grief's dreaded
showers
May be in God's wise purpose ripening rain;
He only knows how all our highest powers
Are perfected in pain.

To trusting souls must truest good increase,
Loss here shall be uncounted treasure there;
So we attain to perfectness of peace,
What matter how or where?

UP THE HILL

On a sunny summer morning,
Early as the dew was dry,
Up the hill I went a-berrying;
Need I tell you, tell you why?
Farmer Davis had a daughter,
And it happened that I knew
On such sunny mornings, Jenny,
Up the hill went berrying too.

Lonely work is picking berries,
So I joined her on the hill;
"Jenny dear," said I, "your basket's
Quite too large for one to fill."
So we staid—we two—to fill it,
Jenny talking; I was still;
Leading where the way was steepest,
Picking berries up the hill.

"This is up-hill work," said Jenny.
"So is life," said I, "shall we
Climb it each alone, or Jenny,
Will you come and climb with me?"
Redder than the blushing berries,
Jenny's cheek a moment grew,
While without delay she answered,
"I will come and climb with you."

AT BETHLEHEM

A babe in the manger,
A song in the sky,
On earth benediction,
Rejoicing on high.

A glory for Judah,
A wonderful light
To lighten the Gentiles
In sorrow and night.

A Prince and a Savior,
Immanuel, King,
An unfailing kingdom
Of blessing to bring.

A kingdom of mercy,
Of love and of peace,
Whose dominion shall ever
And ever increase.

Glad day-spring from heaven,
Break bright on our night;
For mourning bring gladness,
For darkness give light.

Hail, Son of the Highest,
Redeemer divine;
Heaven's hosts are Thy heralds,
The star is Thy sign.

Prepared is Thy pathway
In passion of pain,
But eternal Thy glory,
Eternal Thy reign.

Priest, Prophet and Savior!
Sing, hosts of the sky,
Shine, stars, at your brightest;
Redemption is nigh.

THINKING AND WORKING

Oh, let your ceaseless thinking go,
Your thoughts are vain;
The bright brooks through the meadows flow,
Seeking the main,
And have no care: the April rains
Their green banks fill,
And on they go, nor count their gains,
Yet warble still.

The bees go wandering here and there,
They have no lore;
If flowers are sweet, what do they care?
The fields have store
Of blossoming clover, yet this one
Sweet daffodil
Makes them content, while in the sun
They hum on still.

The robin, gleaning here a straw
And there a thread,
Builds her small nest—no thought of law
Troubles her head.
The bough whereon she builds is green;
She sees her mate
Go singing through the morning sheen,
And loss comes late.

The rose-tree gathers rain and light
And shapes her flower;
She drinks the crystal dew at night
And hour by hour
She greens and grows, yet knows not why,
Nor does she care
That you, so thoughtful, passing by,
Pronounce her fair.

The tender grass beneath your foot
Takes not a thought
Of how it strikes persistent root,
And murmurs not
Under your crushing step at morn,
But still looks up,
Nor grieves that brighter tints adorn
The lily's cup.

Oh, put your foolish fancies by;
It matters not,
Be sure, how deep you delve, how high
May mount your thought;
The stars will shine above your head,
The flowers will bloom,
The fatal thunder cloud will shed
Its bolt of doom

The whether you shall think or no;
God writes his will
Plainly on human hearts that, so,
While singing still,
We may not leave our work. He gives
A subtle sense
To every trustful soul that lives:
That, working hence,

It may not make mistake. What needs
The childlike soul
To know where all your questioning leads?
The wondrous whole
Is hidden from your searching ken;
But let it be;
God tells that to the hearts of men
They fail to see.

Be still, and listen in your soul
Where God shall speak;
Above your head the thunders roll,
And you are weak;
But so are grasses; yet they grow
Greener for showers;
The end of toil we need not know—
The task is ours.

Sometimes a hero prostrate lies;
Ah, well, what then?
We only know the spirit dies
From sight of men.
We know not what there is to do
Some otherwhere;
What realms to rule, what service new
Demands his care.

Oh, rest from questions and from doubt.
Work as you will;
But leave your selfish murmurings out,
And listen still
To hear the voice that will not cease
Forevermore—
God's voice within that speaketh peace
Beyond all lore.

SIGNS OF SUMMER

This morning, dropping through the cold March
mist,
I heard a robin's song, clear, sweet and calm,
As if midsummer heavens of sunshine kissed
Full-flowering meadows all baptized in balm.
Sudden my soul rose, smit with that sweet sound—
Sure note of promise—and, in haste to greet
Its dawning gladness, scaled its wintry bound
To feel the summer's blessed pulses beat.

O beaming fields of sunshine! grateful shade
Of cool, sweet woodlands, deep lakes sleeping
still,
Strown with white lilies, great rocks overlaid
With breadths of gleaming mosses, songs that fill
The summer vales with rapture, winds that range
O'er wave and wood, and sweep where moun-
tains high,
Above all breath of restlessness or change,
Lean their scarred brows of bravery 'gainst the
sky.

"All, all for you," so said the robin's song.
And, weary with the winter, so my soul

Grew strangely glad seeing it was not long
Before its prison gates would outward roll
And let it into life. No matter now
For all the mockery of the bleak, blanched days;
No matter now what black clouds draped the brow
Of boding night, since all pain ends in praise.

SURE

Trust in the Lord: do good:
So, sure shall be thy food
And safe thy rest.
Whatever shall betide,
One walks unseen beside
To make thee blest.

Who, faithful, sows the seed,
Believing, shall not need;
The harvest sown
Shall yield a hundred fold.
He whose the grain and gold
Knows well his own.

And well may he forget
His fears whose heart is set
To do His will
Who said, "Your very hairs
Are numbered:" cease your cares.
Fear not, be still.

A BIT OF ARBUTUS

Pale pink petals, pure and sweet,
Lying close in this folded sheet,
Coming safe to my hand today
From a valley a thousand miles away,
A blessed bit of New England's May.

Ah, well I know where this blossom grew.
I know how the sunshine shimmered through
The shadowy wall of the mountain pines
To waken and warm the virent vines;
What starry skies distilled the dew
To ripen and refine the hue
That flushed the dainty petals through.
I know the brook whose voice so clear
Rivaled the bird songs dropping near.
What mosses, myriad-leaved and bright
Sheltered the buds from early blight.
How, slowly down the hillslope clean
Young grasses spread their gauze of green.
There late the April twilight died,
Morn early flushed the fair hillside,
Noon wrapped it warm in festal fold,
And sunset dropped its shafts of gold.
And there in silence, day by day,
The green leaves graced the spreading spray,
Until, at last, one bright May morn,
The beauty of this bloom was born.
The mosses gifts of dew-drops gave;
The welcoming wood-birds swelled a wave
Of gladdest song just overhead;
The swaying pines indulgent shed
A shower of sunshine on its bed.
The friendly south wind, wandering free,
Brought greeting from the distant sea.

The loving stars looked down at night
And left the lustre of their light
On its clear petals roseate white,
Which here I hold in my hand today
From a valley a thousand miles away—
A blessed bit of New England's May.

WHENCE AND WHITHER

The wind blows over the sea;
We breathe its sweet odors and say,
"The spices are growing, are growing for me,
In the fair lands far away."

Sometimes in Saharas of pain,
The voice of a fountain falls sweet
Through our anguish, and lo, on the plain
Wait the shadows of palms for our feet!

We see the swift flash of the lights
In the eye of a friend, and we say,
"In the mountain lands of his soul are the heights
Where my spirit shall rest some day."

O wild wind that comes and that goes!
O vision of fountain and vine!
O instinct of kinship unerring, who knows
Whence or whither the spirit divine?

WELCOME

High on the hillsides melt the deep snows.

Down to the meadow the glad brook flows.
Quick on its green banks the violets spring,
And over them all the blithe bluebirds sing.

Gone is the winter so sullen and grim.

Glad are we all to say good-by to him.
Come is the springtide, so bonny to see;
And welcome, oh, welcome, thrice welcome is she.

ON MEMORIAL DAY

Their graves are green; how firm the turf has
grown

In all these years; the violets here have blown,
The birds have sung, and winter's snows have
pressed

So many times since they were laid to rest.

Some, far from home, lie where they, fighting,
fell—

In alien graves—yet slumber long and well.
Others in dear home churchyards sweetly sleep
Where loving kindred come to watch and weep.

But all alike today we honor here—

To-day and always to our memory dear:
So great our debt, so little we can bring—
Flowers, tender words, the songs they used to
sing.

The songs that made their wearied pulses beat
With new resolve, that nerved their flagging feet,

And made them brave swift death with fearless
brow
To save the dear flag floating o'er us now.

O starry flag! to hope, to memory dear,
With reverent hands to-day we plant it here;
Here, flanked with flowers, upon each silent grave
Of those who died its sacred folds to save.

How many hearts for them that sorrowed sore
Have found with them their rest and grieve no
more;
The savior and the saved lie side by side
Nor note the flowing of spring's flowery tide.

And more and more, as swift years come and go,
Of those who mourned for these will slumber
low;
But in far time to come, when all are gone,
Will still the memory of our dead live on.

Our heroes brave, who died to lead the way
To freedom's purer and more perfect day—
Still loving hands fresh flowers of May will twine,
And lay them on their graves as on a shrine.

We fear not for their fame—our country's care—
She will not fail to keep it bright and fair;
So long as to the breeze her flag is flung,
The deeds of her dead heroes shall be sung.

MURIEL

"The other children altered imperceptibly, yet so swiftly that from year to year we half forgot their old likeness. But Muriel's never changed. Her image, only a shade, yet often more real than any of these living children, seemed perpetually among us. It crept into the house at dusk: in winter firelight it sat smiling in dim corners; it moved about the garden borders with tiny footsteps neither seen nor heard. The others grew up—would be men and women shortly; but the one child that was not, remained to us always a child."

—John Halifax.

Still art thou with us in unchanging childhood,
On all our paths thy tiny footsteps fall,
Though faint as breath of bird in tangled wild-
wood,
O sweet, blind Muriel, dearest one of all.

Thy gentle presence greets us at our waking,
The day's bright hours thy ministries beguile;
And ever, on the dusky twilight breaking,
We trace the tender radiance of thy smile.

Thy spirit beams where unseen hands are strowing
With bursting blooms the meadow lands of May,
And, through the gray glooms of November glow-
ing,
Sheds lustre over all the drear decay.

Thou still dost linger here where faint and weary,
Thy darkling footsteps strayed with ours so long,
Lifting our souls above these pathways dreary,
Teaching dumb lips to gladden into song.

We know thou now canst never fade or falter,
O sweet child Muriel, with thy fair, young face;
O beauteous form that time can never alter;
O sad hearts yearning for one sweet embrace.

Thy beauty bends above our earthly sorrow,
The ever-radiant promise of our peace,
Pledge in our pain of an unmeasured morrow
When in still sunshine all earth's storms shall
cease.

No power thy presence from our souls can sever—
No grief or gladness, time or tempest wild—
Unseen, unheard, yet ours, and ours forever;
Beyond all weeping—doubly still our child.

THE END

So the long, sad life is ended.
Do not weep.
Do not grudge the weary eyelids
Balm of sleep.

Hush! and do not wish to wake her
From her rest.
Freer now than you could make her,
This is best.

Do not fret so at her stillness.
Long and rough
Was her pathway. Hath she known not
Toil enough?

Pale lips, hands forever folded;
This is all.

Vex her soul not with the anguish
Of your call.

Do not press her brow with kisses.
What avail
Is to her your lavish loving?
Did you fail

In the years when love could cheer her?
Do not weep.
If you helped thus once to pain her,
Let her sleep.

Far beyond now all your loving
Or your hate,
Vain to mourn your dearth of kindness.
It is late.

All your error, all her grieving,
Who can tell?
Drop the burden of your sorrow.
It is well.

COMING

Shine, shine out your best, O life-giving sun,
For the roses and lilies are coming.
Blow, south wind, blow warm o'er the meadows dun
Where the wild bees will soon be humming.

Haste, unroll your leaves ye loitering trees,
And tell to the soft airs your story;
Maples, fling out your banners so red to the breeze
And gladden our eyes with your glory.

Come, come, silver rain from the sweet heavens
free,

Rouse quickly the flowers from their sleeping;
Arbutus is waiting to waken for thee,
And the pansies their purple are keeping.

Hither hie, happy birds: From the east and the
west

And the southland so sunny, come flying,
Speed back to your old haunts and give of your
best;

Our hearts for your songs are sighing.

O sun, wind and rain and birds glad with song,
And leaves laughing gayly together,
Ye are coming, soon coming; it cannot be long
Till we welcome the bright May weather.

WHO KNOWS?

Scorn not to do the humblest deed,
The time for toil is brief;
Who knows how soon the angel death
Will bring the glad relief?

Fail not to speak the gentle word,
No lost hour cometh back;
Who knows how much some soul may need
The tenderness you lack?

Despise not even the lowliest soul,
It feels our Father's care;
Who knows, in Christ's attendant train,
What glory it shall wear?

Lose not thy trust. God loveth all,
And guardeth all thy ways;
Who knows how soon thy whispered prayer
Will blossom into praise?

WHERE?

We stood just here, the sun had set,
You bade me look above, and said,
"You see that star; I pray you let
It seal my pledge of love—as fed
By light and warmth unfailing—see!
How clear it shines, how strong, how true;
A fitting symbol it shall be
Of that true love I proffer you."

The hush grew deep; late bird and bee
Sank into silence, while the sky
Grew thick with rival lights; but we
Saw but a single star on high.
Fair neath its light the warm earth lay,
And all June's roses, richly blown,
Poured sweetness on the dying day,
While still the star unwavering shone.

How many, many times since then
Has June her withering roses shed;
How many times inconstant men
Have pledged a deathless love—long dead.
To-night, as then, the sun set fair
And left in halo all the hills;
While softly on the slumberous air,
The drooping rose her life distills.

As then, some bird, late-nested, sings
A smothered song in cadence low,

While blundering bats on venturous wings
Mark swift, blind circles to and fro.
Still, high in heaven's unchanging peace,
Set steadfast in eternal blue,
The star shines forth and will not cease;
But where, my friend of friends, are you?

BEYOND

"The mellow, dreamy Autumn days have come.
I revel in their luxuriance. The flame-colored
woods, the dropping nuts and acorns, the ground
covered with fallen leaves and the pleasant smell
of the earth delight me."

"We asked if she would see any of her friends,
several having assembled. 'Oh no!' she answered
wearily, 'only us four.'"

"Oh He has come! He has come! He holds
me by the hand!"

—"Nineteen Beautiful Years."

O Friend, where art thou who didst watch last year
The autumn glory in the forests burn?
Who heard the acorns dropping, marked the clear,
Gold tints of royal maples, who didst turn
The pages of this book I read to-day?

Who held in spring blue violets in thy hand,
And, wondering at their beauty, who didst say,
"There must be violets in that other land."

Oh, hast thou found them there? Where didst
thou go

When on that summer Sabbath morn you "four,"
Together journeying, sudden met the flow
Of Death's dark tide—and one returned no more?
When, on that day of Christ, the sore, sore need
That thou must cross came and they led thee slow

Down to the brink where He could meet and lead
Thee safely over—where, where didst thou go?

Art thou so far, dear friend, thou dost not know
What wondering looks we lift unto thy sphere?
What visions of transcendent fairness grow
About thy likeness, so familiar here?
What questioning thoughts of what thy life may be?
What varied tasks thy growing powers employ,
What fitnesses of sight and sound agree
To crown thy fullness of completed joy?

What converse dost thou hold? What strange, new
speech
Hast thou been learning in that foreign land?
Up what far heights of knowledge dost thou reach,
All unfamiliar when we clasped thy hand?
What problems hast thou solved that fret us still?
What mysteries whose shadows on us fall?
What revelations hast thou of that will
That moulds our life, and guides and holds us
all?

What vision hast thou of thy lower life?
How dost thou measure now its dear-bought
bliss?
What heed hast thou of all its grief and strife?
How doth that life's completeness perfect this?
How is it with thee? Hast thou climbed so high,
All memory of thine upward way is lost?
Do our rough paths so far below thee lie
Thou hast forgotten what thy rare bliss cost?

What trace doth now thy ransomed spirit bear
Of all earth's wondrous beauty? Amber glow
Of autumn thou didst love, the lustre fair

Of moonlight on the waters, banks of snow
In distant depths of blue midsummer skies;
The daisy's brightness in the meadow grass—
When thou, O Friend, to higher realms didst rise
Did all the impress of this beauty pass?

Wilt thou enshrined in thy perpetual calm,
At rest from toil, pure from the stain of tears,
In that long summer, crowned with peace and
palm,
Be growing from us while we count the years
That bring us nearer to thy high estate?
Hast thou learned all our narrow lives can teach?
O Friend, who walked and talked with us so late,
Art thou so far beyond our spirit's reach?

Nay, nay, thou art not far—we hold thee still;
Our souls catch music from thy spirit's tone;
Sometimes upon our hearts clear dews distill
From wandering airs of that untroubled zone
Where thou dost range—thou dost not love us less
That we so blindly seek our crown to win,
That in our narrow bounds we cannot guess
To what great glory thou hast entered in.

O gentle spirit, who hast gained so much,
Sometimes, we pray thee, when our hearts are
sore,
Reach pitying down, with healing in thy touch:
Inspire the faint, who faintest now no more.
Sometimes, when dangers thicken in our way,
Send to our shrinking souls a breath of cheer,
That we may feel thee living, day by day,
O Friend, who art so far, and yet so near.

RECOMPENSE

The night may be long, but the morning
Will rise on the darkest night;
The pilgrimage painful, but Beulah
Waits with its fields of light.

O weary and windy winter,
How rude and forbidding his reign;
But, while we lament glad springtime
Comes tripping over the plain.

See how the dead earth lies buried,
Wrapped close in her shroud of snow;
But the germs of her resurrection
Lie hidden in safety below.

O heart in the night of affliction,
O soul in the grasp of pain,
The morning will come in brightness,
And peace will return again.

Disheartened with watching and waiting,
And weary with hope deferred,
Each promise will find fulfillment,
Each passionate prayer be heard.

More royal the rays of the rainbow,
The deeper the tempest's gloom,
And, the darker the clouds of April,
The brighter the violets' bloom.

And he who sits in the shadow
Shall surely the sunshine see;
And to all who in patience suffer
Sweet, sweet will the recompense be.

IF YOU LOVE ME

If you love me, tell me not;
Let me read it in your thought.
Let me feel it in the way
That you say me yea and nay.

Let me see it in your eye
When you greet or pass me by;
Let me hear it in the tone
Meant for me and me alone.

If you love me there will be
Something only I shall see;
Meet or miss me, stay or go,
If you love me I shall know.

Something in your tone will tell,
"Dear, I love you, love you well."
Something in your eyes will shine
Fairer than they look in mine.

In your mien some touch of grace,
Some swift smile upon your face,
While you speak not, will betray
What your lips could scarcely say.

In your speech some silver word,
Tuning into sweet accord
All your bluntness, will reveal
Unaware, the love you feel.

If you love me, then, I pray,
Tell me not; but, day by day,
Let love silent on me rise,
Like the sun in summer skies.

FORESHADOWINGS

O summer sunshine soft and still,
That will not stay;
O tender green on vale and hill
That soon will fade away;
O glad, brown thrush, that in green nook
Sings for a day;
O drooping elm, whose roots it took
A hundred years to lay;

I look and listen—while I think,
The years go on;
More elms will shade the river's brink
When these are gone;
And other thrushes here will sing,
Their little lay;
And fresher, tenderer green may spring
Where this shall fade away.

But I, who knew these trees and loved
The thrush so well,
Who, listening to his song, have roved
So oft his favorite dell,
Shall come no more. The bees will come,
As these do now,
To cheer the place with homely hum;
And on the mountain's brow

Far off the purple clouds will pass
For other eyes;
For other ears from out the grass
The singing lark will rise.
No more for me the lilies sweet
Will spread their snow;
When stray lambs on the hillsides bleat
I shall no longer know.

And of earth's treasures, yearly new
And strangely fair,
A faithful daisy—one or two—
Will be my only share.
Nor in this dell—I know it well—
Nor all I hope to win,
Will be a single trace to tell
That I have ever been.

JUNE

Orchards all in blossom,
Fields of growing grain,
Clover in the meadows,
Violets in the lane,
Roses in the gardens,
And where'e'er you pass
Fresh gold dandelions
Glowing in the grass.

Song in every tree-top,
Joy in every shower,
Life in every atom,
Bees in every flower;
Fair the fields with promise,
Blissful all the air,
Fragrant all the forests,
Sunshine everywhere.

How can my slow measures,
Or my halting rhyme,
Body forth the spirit
Of the blessed time?
Cease my lips to stammer,
Cease my pen to praise;
Silence laudeth better
These transcendent days.

To the blossoming meadows
Hie at noon away
Where the spotted lilies
Spread their petals gay;
In the liquid measures
Of the bobolink's tune
You will find outspoken
All the soul of June.

WITH THEE

When, O Lord, the daylight fades
From our pathway, and the night
Gathers with its gloomy shades,
Thou are still our way, our light.

So, though suns make haste to set,
And the stars refuse to shed
On the dark their radiance, yet
We shall be in safety led.

Trusting to Thy loving word—
"I am with you alway"—we
Will not fear, O gracious Lord,
Walking evermore with Thee.

DEAD

He will not smile or speak,
I kiss his cold, cold cheek—
Unmoved his face.
He heeds not any call;
Dull, dull the echoes fall
From heartless space.

Whither and where? Alas,
The boundary to pass
I strive in vain.

How can he see my tears,
How can he feel my fears,
Nor suffer pain?

What rapture can atone
For my unceasing moan?
How can he bear
His being's bliss while I
Living long but to die
To find him there?

Is memory lost? If nay,
How can he brook delay
Till I shall come?
Has he of life such fill
That he can lie so still,
Eyes, lips, so dumb?

O Death! O Life beyond!
O faithful heart and fond
In blest estate;
Mount not too far, lest I
Can never climb so high,
But wait, ah, wait.

AFTER

"Yes, when the war is over," so he said.
"And shall we wait for all our joys till then?"
"Yes," he, and, lightly laughing, bent his head
To a fair friend across the room, and when
He still kept smiling in his talk, I thought,
Might we but say with just as little pain,
"When life is over;" and alas, why not?
When, grown impatient of our meagre gain
We make complaining of our narrow lot,
And ask, "were all our fair ideals meant

To mock us only?" and our souls cry, "Nay,
We shall prove there the visions of to-day."
Why not, hiding our pain, smile so, and say,
"When life is over, yes," and rest content?

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

He is the Shepherd good
Who leadeth forth His sheep;
He giveth them their food,
He doth in safety keep.

By name He knows them all;
They hear His gracious voice;
They answer to his call
And in His care rejoice.

He leads them where they go,
In pastures green doth feed;
And living waters flow
To meet their daily need.

No ravening beast of prey
Can rend or make them fear;
The Shepherd guards their way,
For He is ever near.

No stranger's voice can win
His own from Him away;
He leads them out and in,
They will not from Him stray.

Oh, happy, happy fate!
To be His very own;
Always His leading wait,
To hear His voice alone.

Of night, or storm, or cold,
No fear, no anxious care;
Since safe within His fold
He doth their rest prepare.

Forever thus to be
Were blessedness untold.
Good Shepherd, take Thou me
Into Thy sheltering fold.

RESURRECTION

The April days are here; the winter's cold
Gives place to genial warmth; the willows bold
Put on their gala dress to greet the day,
The bluebird sings in just the old, sweet way.

Each restless rootlet, freed from frosty night,
Builds quick a blade of green to greet the light,
And every footfall feels the busy strife
Of germs unnumbered struggling into life.

The robin, lover of the twilight long,
Blesses the budding orchard boughs with song.
A trembling gauze of green the woodland holds
Wrapped in the mystery of its fragrant folds.

The violets, up and down each wayward lane,
Answer the summons of the clear-voiced rain—
Waking serene from sleep, as children do—
The love-light in their eyes tender and true.

Learn, O my soul, the lesson o'er and o'er—
Life conquers death, now and forevermore;
Nay, rather death is not. Whate'er befall,
'Tis life alone, triumphant over all.

NOT FOR US

"Not for us the times of fulness in that record fair
and new;
They who sit where black clouds gather never feel
the falling dew.
Still for us the fatal valor, still for us the strife
and pain;
Life is brief; what doth it profit that our loss be
sometime gain?

Not for us the harvest sunshine and the calm of
summer peace;
We who sow in blood and anguish shall not reap
the rich increase."
Speaking thus, I saw beside me how a late rose,
frail and fair,
Spread in sweet faith all its petals to the chill
September air.

While one answered, calmly smiling, pointing
where the setting sun
Lighted still the distant mountains, while the vales
where chill and dun,
"Here we two sit in the shadow—but the compensation's clear—
Wait our brothers for the morning only half way
round the sphere.

Know you not the summer harvest is the growth
of buried grain?
And that all serenest gladness is the birth of rarest
pain?
Know you not how many chieftains in each fatal
siege must fall

Ere at last with shouts the victors scale the frown-
ing castle wall?

Life is brief, yet how shall mortals bargain what
that life shall be?

At the best a lost drop seeking still the vast eternal
sea?

Shall that small drop drip unnoticed down some
cavern dark and low?

Or, a jewel, shine resplendent in the radiant sum-
mer bow?

Duty done with valiant purpose, naught remains
for me or you;

Knowing that through all confusions God will keep
the balance true.

Let us be content then; for, since each is but a part
of all,

What at last will be the difference whether we
shall rise or fall?

What does He with vain distinctions of the greater
and the less,

Who beholds the secret order of our aimless rest-
lessness?

What does He who through the ages scans be-
ginning, middle, end,

With our selfish reservations, hoping payment
while we lend?

If He robe one race in sackcloth, one shall still in
honor shine;

If He grind one generation, shall the next not
drink the wine?

Though some shining threads of silver through
His fateful fabric flow,

Figures dipped in dyes of darkness in the shifting
pattern grow.

In the building of the ages now and then a stone
will fall
Crushing half a groaning million, but the rest will
raise the wall.
And how many will remember in the joy of peace-
ful years
How we laid our block securely with cement of
blood and tears.

For in all time's contradictions never die the brave
and true;
He who gives his life a ransom, in the ransomed
lives anew.
He who falls for fallen freedom, howsoever low
he lies,
Shall not fail of resurrection in the glory of her
rise.

See the mountains, still and stately—gray old
granite, grim with scars—
Through a million fiery ages struggling up to
reach the stars;
What was all their earthquake passion, all the
tumult of their pain
To the grandeur of their calmness, to the glory
of their gain?

What are all our selfish strivings, all our common-
place contents,
All our petty plans of progress in the face of such
events?
What need now of worldly wisdom, song of poet,
word of sage?

Silent do your deeds of daring—God is speaking
through the age.

FORGIVE

Forgive. Wilt thou not say it? Life is brief,
And bitter are its sorrows at the best;
Oh, let not pride add measure to its grief
Since we so soon shall from its rough ways rest.

Last night the bells rang in the glad New Year,
And all kind greetings gather in its train,
While all hearts melt, all voices wake to cheer,
Thou still art silent; is it any gain?

And so shall all lips wish me well but thine?
Amid new joys must still the old griefs live?
Our hearts are truer than our words, though mine
Be proud and wayward—wilt thou not forgive?

So blind and weak, I can but stumble—still
I keep some faith unblemished—be but kind
And I shall walk the surer; heart and will
To friendship's firm allegiance thou shall bind.

Try me. I can be true; forgive, and say,
"I trust thee." I shall grow more worthy so;
And teach me to be tender. In the way
But gently lead, and where thou wilt, I go.

MY SECRET

Take my secret, O New Year!
Hold it safe and hold it dear.
All life's tides that flow and meet
Ne'er can bring me aught more sweet.

Hold it in your heart of hope
Till the buds of springtime ope;
Let my story first be told
When the crocus spreads her gold.

Safe my secret there shall be,
Not a soul shall read, but me,
All the mystery marvelous sweet
In the blossom at my feet.

You may hide it, O New Year,
In the fountain playing clear
In the sunlight; all its glow
Only you and I will know.

Paint it in the sunset light
On the solemn mountain height;
It shall seal my glad content,
When the summer day is spent.

To the rose's heart of flame
Tell the story; she shall name,
While her leaves of light unfold,
Joy too deep for heart to hold.

Let the lily's lips of snow
Breathe the blessed secret low.
Bid the bluebells ring it clear;
Not a soul on earth will hear.

In the clouds that slumbering lie
In the silent summer sky
Trace my story—as they float
Not an eye but mine shall note

That faint glow of roseate light
Blossoming on my waiting sight.

No rejoicing heart but mine
E'er shall read that secret sign.

Hearken then, O kind New Year;
Hold it safe and hold it dear.
In your ear I breathe it low—
Deepest joy my life shall know.

SECURITY

O Rock divine, in rest complete,
What thought of fear have I
Of winds that blow, or rains that beat,
Or waters rising high?

Builed on Christ, when winds assail,
I cast away my care;
And when the swelling floods prevail
I speak His name in prayer.

In storms of wrath the heavens may fall,
The mountains may remove;
But God will never fail the call
Of them who trust His love.

High in the raging heavens He rides,
And sendeth out His voice.
When He the angry tempest guides
My soul may well rejoice.

HOW LONG

"How long," we cry, impatient, "Oh, how long?"
The while the air grows hoarse with battle cries;
But He who seeth all the sin and wrong
Gives, so we say, no answer. Yet, all wise,
All powerful, pray we still, the right defend.
Our vision may not pierce the veiled skies,

By faith alone His audience we gain
Who through the ages hears the voices rise
From dungeons, deserts, martyrdoms of fire.
He knoweth all; let that suffice; for higher
Than ours His thoughts to whom our prayers
ascend.

So, though our land be red with battle-stain
Can we not patient bide unto the end,
And bear the purging of the appointed pain?

AUGUST AFTERNOON

Slow through the meadow winds the sluggish
stream,
Slow wave the wheat fields on the upland slope;
Far off one crimsoning maple, all agleam,
Paints on the dark green wood a deep, prophetic
stain.

Slow o'er the mountains, sleeping 'gainst the skies,
Alternate waves of shine and shadow pass,
While slumberous flocks of bright-hued butterflies
Float like a sunset mist above the fragrant grass.

Hushed are all sounds of labor and of life;
Silent all winds, subdued the water's tone;
One garrulous, late-fledged brood, in songful strife,
Makes vocal yon dark pine of all the wood
alone.

O mountain brows, with mists of purple bound!
O meadows, rich with ripeness, beaming bliss;
O hills with bright, perpetual verdure crowned,
What words can fit you such a day as this?

REWARD

Rest after patient toil.

We climb on dizzy cliffs to realms of calm;
Only on bleeding wounds is poured the oil,
The healing breath of balm.

Fair isles wait weary feet.

The dreariest tasks have often peacefulest close.
After the midday march in dust and heat
The white tent of repose.

Crowns for the faithful few.

No faltering feet shall scale the steepes of stars,
But bold-browed warriors resolute and true,
With stain of battle scars.

Sure are the dews and rains.

To harvests sown in tears can come no harms.
Who plant with bloody footprints burning plains,
Shall reap the rest of palms.

Better to work than wait:

To carry burdens though one faint and fall,
Better e'en though reward should come but late
Or never come at all.

THE FIR-TREE

Hark! hark: What does the fir-tree say?
Standing still all night, all day—
Never a moan from over his way:
Green through all the winter's gray;
What does the steadfast fir-tree say?

Creak! creak! listen, "Be firm, be true,
The winter's frost and the summer's dew

Are all in God's time, and all for you.
Only live your life and your duty do,
And be brave and strong and steadfast and true."

FATE

Sorrow came: I barred my door.
"Go," I cried, "and come no more.
I have guests, who, gay and sweet,
Cannot bear thy face to meet."

But ere long from every room
Vanished light and warmth and bloom.
Hope and joy and young love went,
And, late lingering, sweet content.

Then my door I opened wide.
"Sorrow, haste to come," I cried.
"Welcome, now, no more to roam.
Make, henceforth, my heart thy home."

INTERCESSION

O best beloved, so far, so far away,
My spirit scarce can reach you through the night,
Speak in your prayers my name, that by the might
Of your unfaltering faith, God choose to say
"Peace," to my troubled soul too long astray
From helpful tenderness. My heavenward sight
Is dim with too much weeping; up the height
Of cloudless calm I cannot climb—the way
Is rough and I am weary. Do but pray
That, as our faith sees through the April rain
The bursting May-blooms, fairer for delay,
My soul, in darkness groping, sick with pain,
May, trusting see how night is as the day,
And learn to reap from loss the larger gain.

EASTER LILIES

Easter lilies, spotless white,
Fashioned fair of snow and light;
Out of chill and darkness born
On this resurrection morn.

What persuasion strong and sweet
Led you thus this day to greet?
What within your sealed tomb
Wrought this miracle of bloom?

Not as when the violets wake,
Or the passionate roses break
Into blossom—fortunate flowers—
Nursed in dew and sun and showers.

Not as when, so warmly wooed
By the sky's most generous mood,
Sister lilies late unfold
In the fields their cloth of gold.

Not as when, in hues that burn
From rich Autumn's emptied urn,
Blossoms robed in king's array
Crowd to greet each royal day.

When, in gold and purple clad,
Roadside, field and wood grow glad,
As if summer came once more
Bringing some forgotten store.

Let me, O ye lilies fair,
Learn your lesson: Take no care:
All will come in God's good time—
Summer's warmth and winter's rime.

If skies frown or smile above,
Still may blossom faith and love,
Hope and patience—flowers divine—
Why should any choice be mine,

How, or in what clime they grow—
Fostering sunshine, chilling snow—
Dearth or dew, if all forecast
Bud and blade and bloom at last?

What care I, in this glad light,
For the wintry chill and blight,
If I may, with offering sweet,
Kiss my risen Savior's feet?

LEND A HAND

If thy way be rough and steep,
Closer to thy comrade keep;
Mutual help and mutual cheer
Bring the longed-for summit near.

When thou faintest, sing a song;
Some one, sunk in silence long,
Hearing thee will also sing—
Prophecy of coming spring.

When the heavy shadows fall,
Listen: If some lost one call,
Wandering darkly in the night,
Help! and both shall find the light.

When grief's swelling torrents rise,
Some despairing comrade's eyes
Mute appealing, well may make
Thy faith potent for his sake.

For his sake? Not his alone;
Christ, who came to make us one,
Counts each deed done for another,
Done to Him—our elder Brother.

TO A BIRD

O sweet-throat up in the tree,
What do you hear or see
To make you so full of glee?
While I linger and listen below,
Yet, wondering, never can know
What you mean by your strange delight;
For your world is all out of sight
Of my questioning soul—can I guess
What your jubilant tones express
So akin to my longings that I,
As I listen intently and try
To interpret the soul of your song
Can almost believe we belong
Indeed to no different sphere;
And that now, as I linger here,
I have stolen the silver key
To your liquid-sweet language—that we
Henceforth in our kinship shall know
Of the thoughts and the raptures that grow
In our souls at the sight of the dawn,
Or the great white clouds sailing on
In the deep, solemn calm of the sky,
And that you, as you soar so high,
And, soaring, still singing so,
Can surely but choose to know
What I think as I wait below
To watch your free flight—But, nay:
I know if I listen all day,
And wonder as much as I may,
That I have no power to explore

The depth of your musical lore;
That I never can learn any more
What you struggle to say when you sing.
Is it sorrow or joy that can bring
Such a passion of speech? for I know
That the uttermost rapture of bliss
Is so near to despair that a miss
Of a hair's breadth would make it all one
Whether straight from beyond the sun
Our souls caught the keynote of song
Or were buried in anguish—not long,
O dear Bird, the distance—the speech
Of the soul does not differ for each.

So how can I tell what you mean
As, longing, I listen and lean
To your music? O, strange,
How all-separate still is the range
Of our spirits. Dear Bird, can you see
How we two could ever agree
In our notion, we'll say, of this flower—
This violet bloom of an hour—
In the bright April grass? Could you tell
How that green bud could gather and swell
And break into bloom; and, as well
Vanish, after a day, out of sight?
Oh, when you sing low at night
Do you think of the souls of the flowers?
Are they nearer to you than ours?
Do you know where they go when they fade
Out of memory? Know you what made
The gold of my crocus grow dim
In the dark of the night while I slept?
Oh, I wonder if anything wept
In the wide world over its death!
Do you know? When the delicate breath

Of the lily floats out on the wave
And it sinks unmarked to its grave,
Where is it? Do you ever go
To a land where the soul of its snow
Is abloom again? Who can tell?
O Bird, it were just as well
To question the wind as you—
The sweet western wind that blew
Through the trees this morning—you sing—
But for all the answers you bring
To my questions, you might be still—
For, sing as much as you will
You are dumb to my soul—O Bird,
I have wondered sometimes, when I heard
From the tree-top your rapturous trill,
If the spirits that walk with us still
Can understand better our speech
Than I yours; and if each to each—
The human and heavenly—are strange;
If they are so out of our range
That they cannot tell what we say
Or know whether we praise or pray.

O Bird, it may be—for 'tis true—
As little as I know of you—
Human souls get no nearer than this
To each other, no height of his bliss
No depth of his sorrow can one
Express for another, or feel.
O dear Bird, our woe or our weal
Is our own. Sing on your own song
And I mine: it will not be long
For you or for me till we cease.

O Bird, let us be, then, at peace
With ourselves and each other—since one

Is the hand that hath made us and done
For us each what was best. We can see
Not so much of God's purpose that we
Can afford to stop song to complain.
And, Bird, not a song is in vain.

Somebody, surely, will hear and know;
And, mayhap, your simple song will grow
In the life of some loving human heart,
Till its tender tones will form a part
In its own language of joy or pain;
So that some other soul, hearing again,
Shall be soothed and softened to sweeter speech.
Who can tell how far your song may reach?
How long the sweet sound of your voice may be
heard?
So, sing on, sing on, O blithesome Bird!

ONLY SEVEN

Here's the place and full four-inches depth of
snow—

He below—

And the headstone reads, unpitying—"aged seven."

Oh, sweet Heaven,

Is he there—the boy we loved but could not hold?

Hopes untold

Centred with him—yet he lies below

Neath the snow.

Only seven when roses blossomed—when they died

Naught beside

Had we but a little oblong, snowy mound

Of cold ground—

Here it is—the pine trees ever green and fair

Fill the air

With a sympathetic murmur sad and low:
While below
Near the headstone's base a sweet-fern spray
Sways all day
To and fro, while chill November's breezes blow,
And the snow
Covers all his favorite hillsides where it grew
In the dew.
Sweet fern—hillside heather: well he loved it—so
Let is grow
On the little mound that marks his lengthened rest.
Down the west
Sinks the cold November sun in gloomy red—
And he—dead.
Only seven, you see, and all his duties done
And heaven won.
All life's cares and hurt and heartache, as a breath,
Lost in death.
All life's faith and friendship, high endeavor, fame,
Noble name,
Kindly deeds and high-browed honor buried here.

Year by year
Other lives will ripen into valorous deeds.
And high meeds
Will the world award them, but this heavy sleep
Him will keep
While suns rise and set, and busy lives go on.
Fields will don
Gay array and lilies laugh and bluebirds sing,
Spring by spring;
Earnest workers in the world's great field of strife,
Full of life,
Winning victories, wearing laurels green and fair,
Spirits rare,

Such as he—who, only seven lies sleeping here.
Year by year
These will come and go and make life grand and
high.

God knows why—
Alas, not we—that out of all this surging tide
He stepped aside
Into quiet so profound before his time.
Not a rhyme
Of the lyric, labor, ever shall he sing—
Never bring
Any hard-won guerdon—rare reward of life—
Out of strife.
None of these for him who goes to sleep at seven.
O kind heaven.
Here he lies—we loved him—and we leave him
here.

Some bright sphere
Has made room, we know, to take our wanderer in.
He shall win
Other-where what God had meant for him—and so,
While the snow
Beats and blows about his little grave, we'll say,
"Far away
Safe and strong his life goes on at God's behest:
And God knows best."

ASPIRATION

Soul set in an infinite sphere,
Vital and free and strong,
Untrammelled by fate or fear,
Unhindered by hate or wrong.

Soul whom God and the angels know,
And guide in patience and love,

The familiar, dear earth below,
The heaven of the stars above.

The light of the spirit unseen—
The essence of sun and of star—
To be thine with no cloud between
Thee and the bright spaces afar.

Poor? complaining? O recreant soul,
Heaven's riches awaiting thy prayer;
What excuse for thy dearth and thy dole?
God so good and the earth so fair.

No courage to trust in the grace
Of the power all-encircling and free?
Blind to Christ's all-compassionate face,
From whose favor thou canst not flee?

What powers undeveloped are thine—
Power of loving, of working, of trust,
Of serving the Highest! Divine
Is thy destiny. Look from the dust

To the vision that beckons thy sight,
To the joys of immortal scope,
To the honor and gladness and light
That wait on thy faith and thy hope.

Look above! see how all the sky
Is aglow with the rising day:
To thy faith the sun mounts on high
And all darkness flees away.

IN MEMORY

Flowers for our heroes' graves,
Sweet watch the violets keep;
And green the grass that waves
Above their dreamless sleep.

Strew roses red and sweet;
Strew lilies pure and white;
With songs their memory greet
Who, in our nation's night,

Gave youth and strength and life
To save us from despair;
Pressed bravely through the battle strife
To make our morning fair.

O blessed, blessed dawn
Of peace upon our land!
O brave, strong heroes gone!
O ever sacred band:

In what far, peaceful realms
Roam their freed souls to-day,
The while our gifts we bring
Upon their graves to lay?

How little worth seems all
Our loving thought can do,
As we their lives recall,
So generous and so true.

Speak tender words of praise,
Their deeds of valor tell;
Above their low mounds raise
The flag they loved so well.

Plant trees to sing sweet psalms:
With showers of bloom be blest
The sod where safe from war's alarms
Our buried heroes rest.

IN THE RAIN

O Robin, singing through the rain,
How welcome is thy clear refrain,
The tempest trying all in vain
 To cheat thee of thy song!
What cheerfulness, by pain unspent,
What gladness born of calm content,
 Unto they strain belong.

Bright bird, whose glad-returning wing
Is herald of the blessed spring,
'Tis meet thou shouldst not only sing
 Beneath unclouded skies:
The usher of so much of cheer,
'Tis well that thou shouldst know no fear
 When clouds and storms arise.

For not alone when from the west
The light airs lull the leaves to rest,
But when the rude winds rock thy nest,
 Thy happy voice is heard:
When brightness brims the summer blooms
And when the meads are gray with glooms,
 Thou sing'st as well, rare bird.

Let sinking hearts, taught by thy strain,
Learn, too, to triumph over pain,
And, like thee, singing in the rain
 A song of hope and cheer,

Bear through all dark and dreary days,
Over all rough and toilsome ways
The trust that knows no fear.

A LITTLE WHILE

A little while more of the sunshine,
A few dashes more of the rain,
A few draughts more of sweet pleasure,
A little communing with pain.

A springtime, perhaps, and a summer,
A harvest to sow and to reap,
A few more rainbows of promise,
A few more tears to weep.

A Bethel of rapturous vision,
A desert of pain to cross;
A little more bliss to beguile us,
A little more sorrow and loss.

A little more toilsome climbing,
A little of restful delight,
And we all shall be walking together
In the country beyond our sight.

And brother shall meet again brother
On those far, undiscovered plains:
Shall we hate, then, or love each other,
The little while that remains?

PEACE AND GOOD WILL

Ye Shepherds watching through the night,
What means this tender, growing light
Falling on flock-strown field and stream,
Unwonted in its heavenly gleam?

What means that strangely-straying star,
Wandering from unknown space afar,
Stooping to shine so softly down
On little Bethlehem's sleeping town?

What mean those strains so marvelous sweet
That flood the air and softly beat
On ear of flock and herd, to bless
With strange, deep sense of happiness?

What mean those voices far, yet near,
Singing in tones of wondrous cheer—
Heralds of earth's immortal morn—
"To you, this day, lo, Christ is born.

Fear not! to men peace and good will:
His blessed reign the earth shall fill.
Glory and praise to God on high!
To you salvation cometh nigh."

So long ago! and yet, to-day
I seem to hear the angels say,
"Fear not! news of great joy we bring,
In Bethlehem born is Christ your King."

So long ago! yet now and here
May doubting souls be quit of fear.
To ears that hearken, angels still
Whisper the message, "Peace, good will."

ON CHRISTMAS DAY

When, as a child, I heard the Christmas story
From lips beloved—silent, alas, so long—
The wondrous vision of the heavenly glory,
The sudden outburst of angelic song,

I thought the gladsome scene each year repeated;
And always, when the Christmas time came
round,
And joyful bells my eager listening greeted,
Voices of angels mingled with the sound.

And while the stars shone peaceful in their places,
My thought yearned toward them in such rapt
attent
That ever, from the far, mysterious spaces,
Some soft, sweet strain unto my ear was lent.

And on one happy night—long, long ago—
A swift, bright meteor swept across the sky,
And as I, raptured, caught its sudden glow,
I knew it led to Bethlehem the way—

To Bethlehem ever dear. There, far beyond
My bounded vision, I could plainly see
The blessed Babe, the beasts, the mother fond,
The wondering shepherd folk on bended knee.

I saw the wise men journeying from afar,
With gold and myrrh and gifts of spices rare—
Entrancing sight!—led by a lovely star
To lowly bed of Child and mother fair.

Within the unwonted heavenly splendor glowed,
And still without, on listening vale and hill,

The marvelous strains of gladdening music flowed;
"Peace, peace on earth; to men good will, good
will!"

* * * * *

Now silent, fixed, shines out each separate star
From distant depths of these chill Northern
skies;

No rift of radiance from the spaces far:
Empty and cold the Bethlehem manger lies.

I cannot catch the angels' joyful cry;
Where is the blissful faith of childhood's years?
The snowy mountains rise to meet the sky,
But no sweet song descends to bless my ears.

O, for the larger faith that daily sees
The Christ of Bethlehem in all life, all thought,
The wide world's worshipping millions on their
knees,
And finds no home, no hearth where He is not.

That hastes each day His advent new to greet;
That feels His touch in every joy and pain;
That knows the coming of His blessed feet
Alike in lordly palace, lowly lane.

That in each hour's event His love can find;
That knows Him as a gracious Guard and Guide,
Who tempers to the shorn the willful wind,
And lifts the stricken to His sheltering side.

O stars that sang together long ago!
O angels in high heaven that lent your cheer!
Ye well may dwell in sacred silence now,
Since every soul must know and feel Him near.

MY DREAM

TO S. M. M.

A waking into a soft spring morn,
A sudden vision of gladness born
Of a strange, sweet beauty of sound and sight,
A rapture of song, a splendor of light;
A glimpse of green on a distant slope,
Rich with a glowing harvest's hope,
Waving wheat-blades bright with dew,
Tufts of grass in the furrows new,
Sprinkled with violets white and blue.
A wide, fair valley stretching away
To a forest flush with the bloom of May,
And, above, the white clouds that float and fall
With the goldenest sunshine over it all.
Was it a vision or was it a dream?
Are things only that which they seem?
Was it a glimpse of that which was not,
Mocking a moment my wandering thought?
Was it a phantom of slumber to show
Wonders of beauty we never shall know?
Ah, who to have guessed at my dream would have
 said
How fair was the vision, how glad was the glow
Which transfigured that night of the cold March
 snow?
Was it only a dream? Ah, who can know?
Was it a picture to fade away
Under the ruder touch of day?
Or was it a hint of the morning land
Where we have wandered hand in hand
With the near and the dear who are sleeping low
Under the heaped up mounds of snow?
The morning land that we cannot forget
In all the hurry and fever and fret

Of these riper years, whose love we keep
Buried in spices and lying deep
In our heart of hearts—the land that lies
Nearest the gate of the purple skies,
The whither we yearn. Or was it a sign
From the fair land of souls? Was the light divine
The light that was shining on hillslope and shore?
Shall be never behold such radiance more
Till we find it beyond the mountains dim,
Beyond the horizon's rosy rim,
Beyond the cloud-land far and high,
Beyond the ever-during sky,
Beyond, beyond the steadfast stars
That through the midnight's dusky bars
Drop blessed light? The dream is gone!
But ah, who knows how soon the dawn
May break for us, dawn of a day
For which we look and sometimes pray?
A dream may mean so much—who knows
Whether from out the cold March snows
It was not meant for you and me
To make our souls more glad and free
In blessed hope of what may be
For us when, mayhap early, we
Shall stand beside the crystal sea?

BE KIND

Be kind! be kind! each soul some burden hath,
Some shadows lie on every human path.
Make blest to age its precious aftermath.

Be kind! be kind! who knows another's need?
The lips may smile when oft the heart doth bleed.
The sad thoughts smiles may hide, thou canst not
read.

Be kind! be kind! the days are speeding fast:
The time for kindly deeds will soon be past.
Speak only words thou wilt should be thy last.

Be kind! be kind! immortal are thy deeds.
Sow not to reap at last but rankling weeds.
To blest content the way of kindness leads.

Be kind! be kind—speak not the hasty word.
Such depths of bitter sorrow thus are stirred.
Let not thy voice in taunt or scorn be heard.

Be kind! be kind! nor vain regrets invite
To haunt the weary watches of the night
When those thou lovest have passed beyond thy
sight.

AT SEA

'Tis blest to feel, when waves run high
And leap to meet a scowling sky,
The all-encircling Love more nigh
Than wind or wave can be:
The Hand that heeds the sparrow's fall—
A soothing touch, a mighty wall
Against a threatening sea.

Glad 'tis to feel so safely borne
From morn to night, from night to morn,
Despite the cruel water's scorn,
Straight toward an unseen shore:
Danger to see, yet fear no harm:
If peril press, feel no alarm.
Because of an outstretchèd arm
That reaches on before.

Blest 'tis to know God guards the home
And keeps the loved ones as His own
The while in far, strange lands we roam
 And, tenderer far than we,
No gracious gift of love denies,
Each burden bears, each need supplies—
Unfailing kind, unerring wise—
 The truest good to see.

Oh Power Supreme! O love divine!
Be faith unwavering ever mine—
On earth, in heaven, the truest sign
 Of childlike loyalty—
And quitting each unquiet quest
Only to trust and leave the rest
Unto the will that knoweth best,
 Now and eternally.

SLEEP

Sleep, sleep! the Lord doth keep.
 His heaven is overhead .
No need for thee to wake or weep;
 His angels guard thy bed.
 Sleep, sleep.

Peace peace! thy cares release,
 Thy fears forego.
Thy labor and misgiving cease,
 The loving Lord doth know.
 Peace, peace.

Rest, rest! He knoweth best.
 Sweet is His will;
Each hour's event His wise behest,
 Oh, restless heart be still.
 Rest, rest.

SEWING

Stitch and stitch, my little maid,
Dainty apron, comely gown—
Neatly let each hem be laid,
Firmly fold the edges down.

Stitch and stitch and dream and dream;
Push the needle through and through;
All along the lengthening seam,
Stitch the happy fancies, too.

Finely fashion every fold,
Deftly plait the pocket in,
Weave the loop the hook to hold—
Leave no place for envious pin.

Crisp and dainty—spotless white—
Stitch the ruffle in its place,
While sweet thoughts and fancies bright
Come and go upon your face.

Stretch the canvas clean and fair;
Wind your silks, the task begin.
Trace your pretty pattern there,
Stitch and stitch and stitch it in.

Small and smaller grows the skein,
On the canvas blooms the rose,
In the ever busy brain
Fast an airy castle grows.

Braid the border straight and neat—
In and out the needle goes—
Leaf and bud and flower complete,
Still the stream of fancy flows.

Stitch and stitch! oh, life is sweet!
Life is sweet and hope is strong.
Fancy free and fingers fleet,
Days can never be too long.

"JESUS WEPT"

Oh, record sweet! He wept whose care
Makes all our grief His own:
What mourner ever more could dare
To feel he weeps alone?

He wept! Oh, wondrous tenderness!
A Prince from glory come,
Waiting, with gift of life to bless,
Beside the sealed tomb.

He wept that all henceforth might feel
The sacredness of grief:
Since He whose slightest touch could heal
Grieved while He gave relief.

Yes, Jesus wept who is the life,
The resurrection power:
His tears shall soothe rebellious strife
In sorrow's darkest hour.

MORNING

The morning comes! Be glad my soul,
And greet the rising day!
The envious shadows backward roll
And bear the night away.

Behold the hills stand clothed with light:
The woods, the waves rejoice.

What gladness greets thy waking sight:
Add, O my soul, thy voice.

Praise, praise to Him, thy rising sun,
Who floods thy life with light:
Whose beams through all the darkness run,
And there is no more night.

Be glad, be glad, my soul, no gloom,
No sorrow 'neath His ray:
For doubt, for fear, for care no room
Where endless shines the day.

Be here and now thy heaven begun,
Thy heaven of light and love:
And when thy heaven of trust is done—
A heaven of bliss above.

He rules the forces of the state,
He maketh wars to cease,
And, for the spoils of wrong and hate
Gives healing fruits of peace.

He guards the sacred doors of home:
He strengthens love's sweet thrall:
Protects the well-beloved who roam,
Holds, guides, cheers, blesses all.

Spirit of love, in gracious guise
Of blessing boundless, free,
Shall not our thanks unceasing rise
In glad return to Thee?

AT SUNSET

O tender, tender evening sky!
O clouds of pure, pale gold that lie
Low on the horizon's rim, like bloom
That drifts above a hero's tomb.

With you what blessed quiet dwells;
What heavenly peace your stillness tells.
Beyond, what seas of silence spread,
By never-failing sources fed.

Softly shines out one steadfast star:
From all this noisy world how far:
So high, so strong, so clear, so bright,
Fair herald of the silent night.

Fade not, O tender sunset glow!
Flow, seas of calm, forever flow!
O sleeping clouds of gold delay,
Nor sink into the twilight gray.

O softly beaming star, shine on,
Till all the day's sad strife is gone.
Shine strength into my soul, nor cease
Till I have come to perfect peace.

SOWING AND REAPING

We plow the furrows broad and deep,
We scatter seed upon the land,
Then pray the loving Lord to keep,
And trust the harvest to his hand.

With sickles we return next day
And find the fields still brown and bare:

We bind our brows with thorns and say,
"We reap not after all our care."

Before ye hear the reapers call,
Impatient souls, ye know how long
The sun must shine, the dews must fall,
That ye may sing your harvest song.

A thousand years are as a day!
A single day a thousand years.
When have we any right to say,
"We shall not reap for all our tears?"

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE

*"Died, April 2, 1863, at Falmouth, Va., aged
twenty-nine."*

Here he lies—his grave is green—
All that loving hands can do,
Is to tend the flowers between
These two stones—alas, for you!

You who lay this wreath of white
Every evening in the dew,
Thinking, "Could he wake tonight,
He would find it blossoming new."

You who read this name and date
Daily through slow-dropping tears,
Never knowing well, till late,
All the beauty of the years

Ere this grave with grass was grown—
How love's sunshine gilds them now—
Lying just beyond this stone
Pressing heavy on his brow.

"April second"—so the spade
Broke the turf of violets through—
Hallowed be the grave they made
In the springtime's earliest dew.

"Aged twenty-nine"—think not
Here his life, so brief, can cease.
He who for his country fought
Lives in all her future peace.

Not beneath this violet bed
Sleeps the spirit brave and true:
But where valiant hosts are led
To the deeds that heroes do.

Waits not here his faithful soul.
Where bold warriors battle well,
Where the sounds of victory roll,
Still he lives, who fought and fell.

O ye brave ones, warring yet
For the blessed Stripes and Stars,
With the dew of valor wet,
Sealed to honor by your scars,

Let the hosts departed see,
And in courts of angels say
How, by deeds of daring, ye
Prove your right to win today!

RISEN

Shine your best, bright morning star,
Shed, Oh, shed your beams afar!
Life and love victorious are.
Christ is risen.

Flee, O envious shades of night.
Mount, glad sun, and lend your light;
Heaven and earth in song unite,
Christ is risen.

Strong the cerements that bound,
Strong the tomb that closed Him round,
Sealed from earthly sight and sound.
Christ is risen.

Sudden through the startled night,
Borne on wings of dazzling light,
Swept an angel strong and bright.
Christ is risen.

Vain the soldiers' trusted steel,
Vain the stone, the sacred seal;
One swift, heavenly touch they feel;
Christ is risen.

Vanished now death's dreadful gloom,
Empty is the rock-hewn tomb,
Unto joy all hearts make room;
Christ is risen.

Seek Him not among the dead,
He is risen, as He said:
Death hath He a captive led,
Christ is risen.

Needs He not your spices sweet,
Him among the living greet;
Haste, oh, haste, to kiss his feet.
Christ is risen.

Angel of the tomb, to-day
Charm our needless fears away,
Bid our griefs their clamor stay:
Christ is risen.

Risen to live forevermore,
Pitiless death's brief victory o'er;
Peace, O stricken hearts and sore,
Christ is risen.

WASHINGTON

As, 'mid the giant peaks that round me rise,
One stands supreme to draw the gazer's eyes,
With naked brow serenely towering high
To rest his shoulders 'gainst the bending sky:
Friend of the clouds, unmoved in stress of storm,
Whose beauty time nor tempest can deform,
The earliest signal of the day begun,
The last to hold the beams of setting sun.
So he whose name this monarch bears doth stand
First, as the savior of his native land.
Dear to each loyal heart his honored name,
Unshadowed by the lengthening years his fame.
Strong in the strength of victory nobly won,
Pure patriot, statesman wise—our Washington.

HEPATICA

Each year I find thee here,
 O brave, fair flower;
The cold thou dost not fear,
 Thou knowest thy hour;
The bitter winds may blow,
Gray clouds may shed their snow,
 But some sweet power
Persuades thee; and, clear-eyed,
 Thou lookest forth
Upon the bleak hillside.
 Wind of the north
May greet thy coming, yet
Thou dost thy fair face set
 Sunward; and, lo,
The chill frost thee doth spare.
 The envious snow
Doth vex thee not, nor harm.
What is the magic charm
 Thou holdst, O flower,
That makes thy frailty strong
 Against the power
That fain would do thee wrong?

Dear plant, the warm, strong pulse
 Of summer beats
Within thy heart. What else
Could thy small strength sustain
 And make thee bold,
In wind, in frost, in rain,
 Thy bloom to hold
Straight toward the kindly sun
 Till blooming's done?

Win, O my soul, the dower
Of dauntless trust.
In strength divine the power
To find in dust
Of ruined hopes, in cold,
In sorrow's blight,
The forces for thy growth:
The powers that thee enfold
Command the light,
Thy strength sustain.
No wind, no cold, no rain
Can do thee wrong.
Be glad, be strong,
And sing thy happy song
Of triumph over pain;
And look for growth, not gain,
For strength, not ease,
Till earthly life shall cease,
And heaven, on earth begun,
Be fully won.

GRATEFULNESS

Give thanks, give thanks unto the Lord,
Whose goodness is so great;
Seasons and suns fulfill His word,
And on His pleasure wait.

The herds upon a thousand hills
All seek their food from Him.
He sends the freshening floods and fills
The rivers to their brim.

His gift the late and early rains:
He tempers heat and cold,
Until at last the heavy wains
Are heaped with harvest gold.

Ever outstretched His gracious hand,
In bounty full and free,
Filling with fruitfulness the land,
With teeming life the sea.

"MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES"

"While the sun shines make the hay,"
Said the farmer to the swains,
As with cheerful step they hastened
Singing down the dewy lanes
To the meadows where the mowers,
Whetting well the glittering blade,
All June's wealth of waving grasses
Prostrate to the sunshine laid.

Through the burning hours of noonday
Turned and tossed it o'er the plain,
Where with all its flowers it withered
Till the day began to wane:
When the west wind, wandering over,
Caught and bore its breath away
To the happy, brown-cheeked maidens
Coming, too, to make the hay.

Wicker baskets heavy-laden
With the laborer's homely fare,
Brimming pitchers, freshly dripping,
To the welcoming swains they bear.
Jest and song and merry boasting
Animate the rude repast,
Bring forgetfulness of labor
With repose, until, at last,

Startling on their happy laughter,
Slowly down the heated lanes
Come the loudly-shouting drivers,
Bringing meadowward the wains.
When, with freshened hearts of courage,
Lads and maidens—each and all—
Gather for the wains the windrows
Ere the hastening shadows fall.

“While the sun shines make the hay,”
Thought young John—the farmer’s son—
Looking shy at Jennie Carroll’s
Violet eyes suffused with fun.
“Jennie,” said he, “twilight shadows
Soon will cover all the plain;
Summer will not last forever:
After sunshine comes the rain.

“Life is flecked with falling shadows,
Youthful gladness glides away:
But true love in true hearts, Jennie,
Makes the summer last for aye.
Jennie, shall we walk together
Through the dark and through the dew?
Will you share with me the sunshine,
And with me the shadows too?”

Just precisely Jennie’s answer
What were any need to say?
Since two happy hearts, believe me,
Followed home one load of hay.

GRACE

O rare, sweet soul, so early passed beyond,
What sights are to thy raptured vision given?
What fruits supernal of thy hopes so fond
Are thine in that far country we call Heaven?

How fares it with thee now? 'Tis but a day
Since in these earthly ways thou too didst tread.
Now, sudden, thou hast gone so far away
We cannot reach thee. Whither art thou fled?

So late we looked into thine artless eyes
And read thy thoughts as in an open book.
Who could have dreamed that thou so soon wouldst
rise
And, joyful, on celestial landscapes look?

So sheltered thou! no wilful wind might blow
Rudely upon thee—on thy fair young brow
No earthly shadow fell—could we but know
What fills thy thought, what fires thy ardor now!

Hast thou forgotten all thou here didst love?
The flowers of spring, the thrush's mellow song?
Is there no tender, yearning thought above
For those whose lives were bound with thine so
long?

What kindred souls have found thee, gentle one?
On whom dost thou thy wealth of love bestow?
Canst thou forget the life so lately done,
The friends who held thee in their hearts below?

Or art thou so enriched with thy new life,
And is thy larger freedom, then, so dear,

Thou hast, escaping all our bootless strife,
Risen far above earth's joy and hope and fear?

O strange, deep mystery; sudden from our sight
Thou passest like a shadow—all in vain
Our questionings and our grief: for us the night,
For thee the day where suns unsetting shine.

EMBLEMS

Cloudy turrets in the west,
Gold and crimson wreathed with snow;
Holding all the hues of heaven,
Lighting all the lands below.
What can mean their gorgeousness?
Whence do such strange splendors flow?
Do they picture palaces
Garlanded with glory so?

Palaces beyond our sight,
On the distant bounds of space,
Standing stately, still and fair,
Decked with undecaying grace?
Mansions waiting for our souls
In our Father's house on high?
Do these pillars point the way
O'er the portals of the sky?

When the evening star looks down
Large and fair from out the West,
Glows it not with some faint ray
Of the rapture of our rest?
Of our rest beyond the stars
When our work at last is done,
When we drop the stain of scars
For the crown so hardly won?

What do marvelous mosses mean?
Crimson, emerald, garnet, gold?
Oh, to know the message sweet
Which their magic leaves unfold
'Neath the tread of careless feet!
Do they image something there
In that other, far-off land,
Dainty, delicate and fair,
Which we cannot understand?

What do meadow lilies gay,
Toiling not, nor spinning, say?
Glowing in their bright array,
Careless of the coming day;
Have they meanings strange and rare
Which we cannot quite translate,
Floating on the subtle air,
Vanishing and delicate?

Whence is all the music born
Of the bird-songs soft and low
Breaking on the hush of morn?
Who can half the mystery know
Of the gladnesses that grow
When the daisy's disk so dainty
Flecks the valley lands with snow?

Whence can come the royal richness
Of the purple pansy's bloom,
Or the orchid's lonely splendor
Lighting up the forest's gloom?
Are these all but faint reflections
From the land of fadeless light?
Varying types and shadows only
Of the substance out of sight?

SOMETIME

If, sometime, when for me the Master calls,
And I, in wonder glad, shall answer "Yea;"
When on my life the solemn silence falls
That ushers in the long, unshadowed day;

If I may only feel my work well done,
My heart's best treasure all laid up on high,
And know the setting of my life's full sun
But hastes its rising in a brighter sky,

All shall be well; but till that moment come,
That I may then not weep, but smile adieu,
Let me not meanwhile in His praise be dumb,
Who doth each day my life in love renew.

Let me not fail in His broad vintage land
To do some loving service, that at last
I may not come ashamed, with empty hand,
And all the sunny, summer's harvest past,

But, full of joy, at His glad coming lay
My garnered sheaves low at His shining feet,
And, in a wondering rapture hear Him say,
"Well done!" Ah, lingering years, fly fleet!

But, nay—not till, in storm and frost and heat,
I still have toiled and well my burden borne,
How should I hope to walk the golden street
Until my feet, with weary marches worn,

Have felt the thorns, and in His service sweet
Have run on willing errands here and there?
O Christ, before Thou comest, make me meet
Through Thy completeness in Thy grace to
share.

For all my labor still must be in vain
Till Thou Thyself my homely service bless;
And but torn tatters all my fruitless gain
Till wrapped in Thy rich robe of righteousness.

NEW

New greenness in the meadow,
New warmth upon the air,
New violets by the brookside,
New bird-songs everywhere.

New tassels on the alders,
New bloom the willows wear,
New tints in field and forest
That promise all things fair.

New hopes, new joys, new purpose
From winter's grave that spring;
Farewell to useless grieving,
And with the bluebirds sing.

For cold and storm and silence
Give way to spring's glad rhyme;
So, ever joy and sorrow
In God's appointed time.

THANKS

Thanks to Thee, O Lord of grace,
For the shining of Thy face.
For Thy bounty large and free
Endless thanks and praises be.

Thine the world and all therein:
All we hold or hope to win.

All we love and call our own
Is Thy gift and thine alone.

Snow and frost and fruitful rain,
Sunshine on the growing grain,
All the harvest's endless flow
To Thy bounteous hand we owe.

For Thy loving Providence,
Care unfailing, sure defense,
Healing for each ill and grief,
For each need a swift relief,

Will we, grateful evermore,
Thee in loyal love adore.
Ceaseless bounty crowns our days,
Ceaseless be our thankful praise.

THINE OWN

Is cheer of thine own making?
Then make more.
Is joy of thine own taking?
Take a store.
Cheat not thy life of gladness.
Spare thy tears.
Why cherish thoughts of sadness?
Why court fears?
So free the sunshine falleth:
Take thy share.
"Keep heart! keep heart!" hope calleth.
Cease thy care.
Have cheer of thine own making
Day by day,
Bliss of thine own free taking,
Thine alway.

Bliss of unselfish living,
 Cheaply won;
The joy of generous giving,
 Like the sun.
Live in the lives of others,
 Thine how blest;
Bear burdens for thy brothers,
 So, find rest.
Wouldst cure thine own heart-breaking?
 Heal another.
From thine own grief awaking,
 Cheer thy brother.
Ensure a blest to-morrow
 Thus, to-day.
So shall thy selfish sorrow
 Flee away.
So shall fair winds caress thee
 As they blow;
The bending heaven shall bless thee
 With their glow.
The watching stars shall speak thee
 Strength of heart;
And all thy good shall seek thee
 Where thou art.
One thy desire and duty?
 One with all?
Then can but joy and beauty
 Thee befall.

IN LENT

In the deep stillness of my grateful heart
Let me, O suffering Savior, share my part
In sympathetic sorrow. At Thy feet
Let me my prayers of penitence repeat,
And, mourning for my sins that made Thee bleed,
Let me but do for Thee some loving deed
Of lowly service: me Thy bearer make
Of some small cup of water for Thy sake.

For Thy dear sake who didst so much for me,
Glad would I give my heart, my life, to Thee.
Show me my way, and let me near Thy side
In constant love, in filial trust abide.
No weary way too toilsome for my feet
If I may have companionship so sweet.
No homeliest task too hard, if only so
I may my love in Thy blest service show.

REST

What does it matter, one grief more or less,
Since we so soon shall sleep? The bells will toll,
The friends whose gentle wont it was to bless
Will drop regretful tears and cease their dole,
And all will be so still. The fret and jar
Gone from our souls forever: all the stress
And strife of living over; very far
From that repose the shadow of its pain.
No feverish memory of its petty gain
Shall haunt us more—no need of sweet console,
No call for pity, none for healing balm.
O troubled souls, that never can be calm,
Nor cease importunate crying to be blest,
Be comforted, since we so soon shall rest.

A DEAD ROSE

Here is a withered rose, pressed close between
The leaves of Browning's lyrics; crimson stain—
The blood of rose or lyric? on the page—
One brittle, faded leaf upon the stem.
Dead, buried here; O long-forgotten flower,
Why shouldst thou on this sullen winter day
Come to thy resurrection? O pale leaves,
How red you grow, how sweet: how sing the birds.
How all the splendid passion of that June
When first you bloomed comes surging back, the
while
The wind and snow beat on the frozen pane—
Warmth, wealth of blossoms, faces, hearts beloved!
Back to thy death, dear rose! Why shouldst thou
live,
Since cold the hand that plucked thee, long ago?

QUESTIONINGS

Sometimes I sit in the quiet gray
Of the slow departing April day
And think what record it bears away—
What record of my growth—or lack
To seize the hours that come not back.
What gain from this day's beauty gone?
What from its purple hour of dawn?
What from its sunshine soft and still,
Sleeping on valley, lake and hill?
Do I know better what can mean
These countless brave buds bursting green?
Mean for my soul that daily sees
Repeated miracles like these?
That wakes each morning out of sleep
To find how constant all things keep

Their settled round—how morn and night
But minister some fresh delight?
To see how some unhindered Will
Commands each power of nature still;
Subjects all to some subtle law
So disconnecting force from flaw
That ever in a fair design
Daily unfolds the plan divine.
So that the sunshine does not fail
To brighten earth's remotest vale.
No night comes on without its stars,
No blot the summer morning mars,
No ocean tides forget to flow,
No stormy cloud to strew its snow.

Has this day brought me nothing whence
My soul has gained a subtler sense
To pierce the vail and judge between
The earthly and the great unseen?
Have not these bird-songs sweet and low,
The sunset's gold, the mellow glow
Of cheerful noontide on the hill
Suggested something fairer still?
Has not the violet blooming sweet
Beneath the tread of careless feet
Said something plain as any word
From sage or prophet ever heard?
Has not the frail and fading flower,
That blooms and withers in an hour,
No life beyond its passing breath,
No message in its painless death?
Ah, yes, if this—if this were all,
If bird-songs perish where they fall,
If sunsets fade, and, fading, die,
'Twere vain to ask or wonder why
Of all our lives each fleeting day

Hath such a changeful, fair array;
But if each symbol hath some germ—
Each glowing star, each creeping worm—
Some germ of what beyond our ken
Hath meaning and delight for men,
Then well may all days teach us this:
That God's best gifts we often miss
By disregard of humble things.
Since every bird that, soaring, sings,
Each weed beside the wayside path
Some hidden, heavenly meaning hath;
Some message every stone and fern
If reverently we stoop to learn.
Meanings which we shall better know
When, at the summons sweet we go
Beyond the earthly sunsets' glow,
And see our life outside its pain,
Beyond its losses and its gain,
And read its puzzling problems plain.

THY WORK

Do but thy work and all good powers
Agree thy path to bless.
Fill but with work and love the hours,
Thou needst not ask success.

Honor or fame thou needst not seek:
Heaven careth for its own;
Thy praise attendant angels speak,
Heed thou thy task alone.

Speak thou thy word, do thou thy deed,
And leave to Heaven the rest.
God wills thee martyrdom or meed:
With either thou art blest.

Single thy purpose and thine eye?
Single thy hand and heart?
Then, rise or fall, then, live or die,
God knows; and takes thy part.

ONE MAY

The orchards were all in blossom,
The meads with flowers were gay,
The air was full of fragrance,
For the time was merry May.

There was sunshine on field and forest,
Sunshine on mountain and sea;
Sunshine and hope for the saddest,
So, sunshine and hope for me.

Down the long, green lane by the river,
Where the cowslips were bright as gold,
Sheltered away from the tumult
Of the North-wind stern and bold,

There lived in a cottage lowly
A maiden with eyes as blue
As the clear, deep sky of midsummer,
When the storm has swept it new.

Brow white as the fragrant lilies
That spread the dark river with snow;
Lips red as the rose at its reddest
In the tropical noontide glow.

Voice clear as the silver singing
Of the hidden mountain streams;
Hair gold with the gold of the sunshine
That shines alone in our dreams.

A life that was still and peaceful,
And a heart content and brave;
Hands willing and deft and dainty,
And a kindness that made me her slave.

What could I say to please her?
What could I do to bless?
How should I ever win her?
Ah, you will never guess.

One day I was idly rowing
While the morning sky was red,
And the breath of blossoming orchards
On the dewy air was spread;

When, floating past the cottage
Where Lucy stood in the door,
With my idle oar I beckoned,
And steered for the low, green shore.

Quickly the maid came tripping
Through the rosy morning light,
Fair as a star in the setting
Of the golden crown of night.

"Come!" and she answered my calling
With a smile which young day might adorn,
When the darkness and damp of midnight
Are melting into the morn.

"But, wait!" as she lingered, smiling,
On the last green inch of shore,
"When the young eagle leaves the aerie
She never flies back any more.

"Long, long is the winding river,
And it floweth far on to the sea;
You must trust to my oars forever
If you enter the boat with me."

A moment the maiden waited,
Then reached with a smile her hand,
And the boat went slowly drifting
Away from the pleasant land.

Away in the early morning,
'Mid the breath and bloom of May;
Bright was the world with promise,
And with song the air was gay.

And still the old boat is drifting,
On, on toward the distant sea;
'Tis no longer May or morning,
But Lucy is still with me.

WAIT

Wait: God's plans unravel slow;
Through what endless cycles ran
This old world of fire and snow
Ere its crust was fit for man.

Fire and darkness, flood and death,
Earthquake rending, arctic sway,
Centuries' growth in tropic breath,
Centuries more of slow decay.

Granite ages numberless,
While the old earth's ribs grew strong—
Ages more to weave her dress,
Deck her beauty, tune her song.

Wait! The nations rise and fall;
Empires vanish, thrones grow old;
God, who waits, and orders all,
Sees his great designs unfold.

Thirty centuries locked in death
Lay the grain in Egypt's hand;
Touched at last by Summer's breath,
Lo, it decks with green the land.

Wait! The words in Freedom's name,
Spoken in her darkest day,
Caught from martyrs' lips of flame,
Live again in Rome to-day.

Long old Israel blindly saw
Christ in types and shadows move;
Long in thunders of the law
Learned God's perfect plan of love.

See how now the hour delays
Of the gospel's triumph song.
For the spreading of its rays
Wait the nations, oh, how long!

Wait! How long the germs lie low
In the cold and darkness, till,
Stronger than the rime and snow
They the land with beauty fill.

Robed in purple, green and gold,
Stainless white, unblemished blue,
Fairer than the kings of old
In their raiment ever knew.

Wait! The summer of thy hope
Shall not fail to come at last.

All its blessedness will ope
Fairer for thy wintry past.

Wait! What matter when or where?
Effort is its own reward.
Thine alone to do and dare:
Leave thy wages to thy Lord.

Wait! He loves a patient soul.
Work! A willing service give.
While the ceaseless ages roll
Thou shalt work, and, working, live.

Time enough thy goal to reach,
And each purpose to complete;
Wait and learn what time can teach,
What thy waiting soul shall meet

Further on thou soon wilt know.
Cease thy pining discontent.
Onward life's full currents flow,
And when all its tides are spent

Life begins! Ah, 'tis not long,
Though, perchance, the ages slip
Ere we sing our triumph song,
Or our cup of gladness sip.

Sometime, somewhere, we are sure
All the buds of hope will bloom.
Wait, impatient soul! Endure
Yet, awhile, the wintry gloom.

Sometime summer; somewhere sheaves;
Somewhere purple, crimson, gold.
Pomp of blossom, wealth of leaves;
Nothing in God's world grows old.

Each plan ripens; each blade thrives.
God hath each soul in His care.
In His wide, good world it lives,
Loves and strives—what matter where?

Where or when? Oh, wait and see.
All the glory who can know
Waiting now for you and me
Just beyond these peaks of snow?

SHADOWS

Peace fills her cup this fair October day.
The crickets in the fields chirp full of cheer.
Leaves rustle lightly free from any fear
Of vexing winds which sleep or idly play.
Like lost, untimely snowflakes softly stray
The wingèd thistle seeds through spaces clear
Of golden sunshine. Gently on the ear
Fall tender bird-notes. All the woods are gay
In festive robes and, dying, smile and rest;
Though over them the idle clouds move slow
In brooding sympathy, and, sore oppressed,
Cast darkening shadows of their grief below.
So peaceful souls in dying still are blest,
Though selfish mourners vex them with their woe.

GIVING

Give as the clouds give who never send
To ask if the grass have need of rain;
But, laden with treasures of blessing, bend
And pour their bounty o'er hill and plain.

Give as the earth gives—blade and flower—
And, after, the full-grown corn in the ear,

Gracious, beneficent, full of power
By the force of her giving year by year.

Give as the sun gives—warmth and light—
Never waiting to know earth's need,
But shining right on eternally bright,
Royal, unstinting—a giver indeed.

Give as the bird gives—song after song—
All unheedful of hearkening ear.
How does the hermit thrush know how long
The raptured listener waits to hear?

Give as the river gives to the sea,
Gladdening with greenness each grateful shore,
So tranquil, so princely, so strong and so free,
That it fills as it flows forevermore.

SAFE

Thou whose eye is over all,
Thou whose ear hears every call,
Morn and noon and eventide
Thou our guard art and our guide.

Strong Thy love is as Thy might,
Thou whose dwelling place is light;
Who in sorrow givest cheer,
Who deliverest them that fear.

Thine are all our works and days:
Thine the appointing of our ways.
Shielded by Thy gracious arm,
None can hinder, none can harm.

If the sun our sky depart,
Thou our sun and solace art.

Heat nor tempest make afraid:
Thou our shelter art and shade.

Nearer than our dearest thought,
Thou, our Keeper, slumbering not:
Safe are we on sea or shore,
Safe with Thee forevermore.

THE EMPTY NEST

The empty nest, oh, sad to see,
Swings silent from the leafless tree.
The birds have flown long, long ago,
Nor heed their nest heaped high with snow.

Far, far away, on happy wing,
Still, as of old, they soar and sing.
We sit and smile to think them blest,
Nor mourn to see the empty nest.

O hearts that break with longing fond
For loving souls that passed beyond;
Who see alone the closed tomb,
The vacant chair, the empty room.

If but some angel, on swift wing,
News from their distant home could bring,
Its peace, its joy, its blissful rest—
We might forget the empty nest.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

"It might have been. I hardly dare to think
What might have been—forgive, that I should
dare

To touch our past, my friend, and brave the brink
Of new grief through your scorn: I would not
tear

Aside the bar you put between us two
Who might have known what truth was: bear
with me—

The world clashed in between us, and—'tis true—
You, too, were proud, and I—well, let it be."

So read your letter this day morn, while harsh
The mocking rain beat on the bare, dull pane,
The blackbirds screaming in the misty marsh
That met my low horizon. Did I strain,
Think you, eyes dim with tears to mark the flow
Of flaming sunshine in the meadow grass,
Or lean to hear the music thrilling so
That rare June morning, when—but let it pass.

I hold your letter, looking through the rain
And thinking, not regretful, how God's hand
Guides all our steps, as well by paths of pain
As over thymy ways, unto the land
Of our soul's peace. Would it be well for me
To raise remonstrant voice and dare to choose?
To claim that I henceforth should wander free?
Freedom to gain is freedom, too, to lose.

"It might have been," we say, strewing fresh flow-
ers

On grassy graves that cover half our world,
And soil with shadows all our gladdest hours.

Or when we watch receding waves that hurled
Our splintered bark on unrelenting sands:
While distant we discern still tents of snow
That strew the quiet shores of those fair lands
We cannot reach. Can it be better so?

"It might have been," we say, the while we think
Of safe escape from sharp griefs we have borne,
Or sadly ponder how we touched the brink
Of some surpassing joy—but do we mourn
Because ungathered June's rich roses fell?
They might have plaited wreaths, 'tis true, but, ah,
Would not the wreaths have withered, too, as well?

So, thanking God, I said it, do not blame.
"Our two paths lie apart"—'tis better so.
I would not move my hand to turn the game,
Not seeing all the end. I surely know
God saw it all. Would He have kept, think you,
Our two paths separate made to be but one?
And is love baffled so? love strong and true,
Such love as God gives when His will is done

In binding of two souls forevermore?
Two souls that wait His giving and that dare
To bide true to their faith—and will not lower
Their steady gaze from their ideals fair
To worship meaner clay? He gives the right
And He the will to choose; and, for the rest,
Our paths lie plainly separate to our sight:
We, walking in them, only know 'tis best.

ASCENSION

"Parted from sight," within yon rising cloud,
Angelic choirs sound all your harps aloud;
So long an exile from His father's throne,
The Prince of Glory cometh to his own.

But ye who heavenward gaze with longing eyes,
Oppressed by anxious fears and strange surprise,
Remember how He told you, "I ascend,
But lo, I still am with you to the end."

Blest words! While now in silent grief ye stand,
Below the reach of His compassionate hand,
Lost to the speech of loving lip and eye—
Uplifting cloud, mount not so swift on high!

But ah! remember, ye with sorrow dumb,
"When I shall go the Comforter will come."
The Comforter! Oh, magical, sweet word,
The sweetest sorrowing mortals ever heard.

In pain, in toil, in every pressing care,
In vigils lonely, each impassioned prayer.
Bereavement bitter or foreboding fear,
Forevermore the Comforter is near.

Then rest, fond gazers, rest your wearied sight;
Swift speeds the cloud along its track of light.
Far upward in the blue it melts away,
Lost in the splendor of the deepening day.

APRIL

Dear April, here once more,
With gifts so manifold;
The violet's heavenly blue,
The cowslip's lavish gold.

The song of thrush and wren,
The twilights warm and long;
In every field and fen
The bluebird's breezy song.

Consoler kind art thou,
For griefs of winter born;
Thou here, what care we now
For all his cruel scorn?

Thy face how fair to see!
Thy gentle smiles how dear!
And happier days to be
Thou, April, bringest near.

A LEAF OF LAUREL

Here is a laurel leaf, finely grained,
Daintily tinted, delicate-veined,
Rounded and ripened by sunshine and dew—
"Just twenty miles out of London it grew."
So says the letter that came to-day,
The letter that held it and bore it away
Out of old England, and over the sea—
This one little leaf with its mission to me.
And I hold it here in my hand and think
How it opened and ripened and tossed on the
brink



Of some bending bough, all the summer long;
How on moonlighted eves it thrilled to the song
Of the nightingale; how, at earliest day,
The lark rose sudden and soared away,
Straight up to the sky with dew on his wings,
Fresh with the breath of all flowery things.
I think how the primroses pale and fair
Dotted the green of the grass over there;
How from over the purple moors the breeze
Came singing its sweet-scented way to the seas.
I think of the leaf that nearest it grew,
Fed by the same bright drops of dew.
Talking with this in the yellow light
Of the long, still noon of the midsummer night,
I wonder where is that comrade to-day:
This here in my hand—that, far away—
Withered and trampled and torn it may be:
Over the continent, over the sea.
And I wonder why this should have come to me
here—

Why, one dismalest day in the sere of the year,
This hint of the summer should come to my soul,
Helping to hallow and make it whole.
What had this leaf to do with my life?
Why should it come, dropping into the strife
Of my restless thought, with its touch of peace?
Why should it give me such quick release
From its discontent? Was it sent as a sign
Of a Somewhat that cared for me, out of the line
Of dull causes and sequences—Somewhat divine?

How does it happen that sometimes when vexed
With deceit or with falseness, or sorely perplexed
With some painfulest problem, straight on to its
mark

Cleaves some arrow-like thought through the midst
of our dark,
And lo, all is plain—and in rapture of rest
We see that the banefulest still was the best.

Why, sometimes, in a weird and windy night
Of your soul's life—when to your sicklied sight,
All things under the sun most sombre seem—
Drops out of the clear heaven a Sabbath dream
Of white-blooming forests and fountains fair,
With cool breath of lavender lading the air?
You waken and say, "Go, sweet dream, if you will,
But the bloom and the breath of you linger still."

How is it that sometimes a flash falls swift
As the wingèd lightning out of the rift
Of a storm-cloud—showing clear as day
Some precipice yawning across our way?
How, that, as often in days of snow
Clear tokens the coming of Springtime show—
The violet breath of a blessing near
Startles our spirit with sudden cheer?
Who tempers the tones of the birds that sing
Out of a lilac at morn, to bring
Voices that only your spirit can hear
More sweet than divinest of songs to your ear?
What cares for us when we are careless? What
wakes
When our souls are asleep or slothful? What
breaks
The bands that oppress us which we cannot see?
What lifts us and bears us when we cannot flee?
What rules and what counsels, what comes and
what goes
In the strange realm of spirits? Who knows?
Who knows?

IN MAY

When winds were bleak and skies were gray,
And fields were heaped with snow,
How could we think the breath of May
Would change the sad world so?

But now the swallows on the wing
Bring summer gladness near;
In every lane the thrushes sing
And bluebirds pipe their cheer.

Each year the miracle we see
Of bud and leaf and bloom;
The life renewed of turf and tree
From winter's darkened tomb.

Take courage, then, O doubting soul,
No day so dark and drear
But holds amid its dearth and dole
Promise of gladness near.

The seed thou sowest may slumber long—
How long thou canst not know—
But some sweet May time, glad with song,
The precious germs will grow.

And, nursed by summer's warmth and cheer,
And fed by dew and rain,
They shall, some autumn, far or near,
Yield store of ripened grain.

NEAR

My hand in thine, dear Lord,
So let it rest.
Where'er thou ledest me,
It must be best.

Day after day to know
No way but thine.
To love Thy sweet will so
It shall be mine.

Henceforward all my way
Thou shalt prepare;
Mine but on Thee to lay
My every care.

Shadows can bring me not
One boding fear;
My all-sufficient thought—
Thou, Lord, art near.

LIFE

"Life is so glad," you said last night, while I,
Who smiled assent because I could not bear
To jar upon your joy, did hardly dare,
In face thereafter of the solemn sky
That brought God's silent majesty so nigh,
To speak the great word trembling in my prayer.
Life, life! We wear it lightly while the air
Is still from storm—praising its brilliant dye.
But let the heavens of thunder stoop in night
Upon our joy, and to our being's core
The naked bolt of some sharp grief descend.
Then how its cheapened colors pall our sight.
God help us then; since we can do no more
Than keep it clean from dust unto the end.

A BIRDSNEST

I know a birdsnest on a bare brown bough,
Where all day long two songsters come and go;
One, hastening homeward, flashes past me now,
The other warbles welcome sweet and low.

No beauty bourgeons o'er this home of love,
No rippling waves of greenness round it flow.
No murmurs of sweet music from above,
No breath of balmy blossom from below.

Yet, year by year, the birds, the summer long,
Linger to build and bless their humble home,
Making the waste place glad with love and song,
Content by only narrow flights to roam.

No thought of all the beauty elsewhere;
No fear of waste in all this cheer; no hours
Of secret longing after fields more fair,
Where radiant birds sing, reveling mid the flow-
ers.

No hidden grief, no vain regret, no fear
Of future ill their simple joys prevent;
But merry matin, noonday carol clear,
On airs unperfumed still are daily spent.

Oh, doubting souls, still asking, "Is this best?"
And, "Is there nothing more beyond?" be still.
Make glad your narrow sphere, and leave the rest
To Him who guides and holds us where He will.

No royal roses bloom on desert sands.
Well, be content, and sing; beyond your sight,
Life's little summer o'er, a radiant land
Passing all tropic splendors waits your flight.

SNOW-DRIFTS

O deep white drifts, that lie unmoved
Through weary months of wintry chill,
In many a graceful contour grooved,
Like sculptured marble cold and still.

Bright is the winter sunshine, yet
They yield not to its chill caress.
With countless sparkling crystals set,
They keep no single gem the less.

No less for all the blustering winds
That boast and battle o'er the plains.
The envious frost but faster binds
And adds new treasure to their gains.

But when the spring's soft sunshine falls,
Gentle and tender, soft and warm;
When lovingly the south-wind calls,
And all the hill-tops, rent with storm,

Give tribute glad of running brooks
And spreading waves of smiling green;
When willows greet with grateful looks
The warmth that weaves their silken sheen,

Then melt the drifts in genial air;
Then all their frozen forces flow
In streams beneficent that bear
Verdure and life to lands below.

O stubborn hearts that hardened lie
Silent, unmoved, in guilt and sin.
In chill despair and make no cry—
No smile without, no warmth within!

But when sweet Love shall pass that way—
True love, with gentle touch, draw near,
And spite of dark and chill shall stay
To drop a sympathetic tear,

How melts the hardened heart! how thrills
The frozen depth of pain and sin!
What warmth of life and vigor fills
The long-unfruitful waste within!

What hidden springs of hope may wake,
What gladdening streams of love may flow
In blessing for another's sake,
As thine for his—ah, who may know?

THE COMING YEAR

I know not what the coming year
May bring to me of joy or pain,
But this I know: He will be near
Whose loving maketh all things plain.

I know not what strange shades may fall
Upon my pathway; but I know
He yet will hear and heed my call
And lead me whither I should go.

It may be over mountains wild,
It may be through the valleys sweet;
But He will never leave His child
To wander with unguarded feet.

I know that still His sun will shine,
His rains will fall, His grasses grow,
His stars will shed their light divine,
His rivers to the ocean flow.

I know how fair the days will glide
When summer decks the smiling land;
Mountains in solemn peace abide,
And all the hills in halo stand.

And while He heeds the rains and snows,
And sets the stars their watch to keep,
Cares for the humblest weed that grows,
And wakes it from its winter sleep;

While every wind blows by His grace,
And rainbows span the steadfast blue,
Each flower unfailing finds its place,
And knows its time and season too,

I will not doubt His constant care,
Nor fear His promised love will cease,
Who, whether days be dark or fair,
Can keep my soul in perfect peace.

NO GRAVE

Translated from Uhland

Make me no grave when I shall die;
Let me not under the blossoms lie.
But when my soul from the earth shall pass,
Bury me deep in the summer grass.

In the grass and the flowers, when my life is spent,
I shall lie asleep and rest content.
While from far the lute shall lend its note,
And over my head the white clouds float.

ONE EASTER

'Tis Easter day. Soft sound the bells;
Sweet on the air their music swells.
The smiling spring's prophetic sense
Holds all the summer in suspense.
The buds are bursting into leaf,
They take not any note of grief;
They grow, are glad, and know not how
In years gone by each self-same bough,
In just such green, as fresh, as glad,
To greet the Easter dawn was clad.

These snow drops and these lilies fair
Of all the past have not a care—
No single thought but just to be,
And make the morning glad. Ah me,
Why must I think and think alone
Of one glad Easter day long gone?
Of lilies withered long ago—
How sweet their miracle of snow!—
Of hearts that gave life's grieving o'er,
Of songs from lips that sing no more,
Of faces fair whose vanished light
Made that blest Easter morn so bright!

Yet ring, sweet bells, ring soft and low,
Just as you rang long, long ago.
Your joyful message gave them cheer;
Mayhap from some strange shore they hear,
And in their home—or far, or near—
Think still of us and hold us dear.
Blame not our tears, Thou who didst weep
In grief for one who "fell on sleep."

Ring, ring, sweet Easter bells, ring on!
While I live o'er an Easter gone.

ONE SUMMER

Good night, for the shadows lengthen
Over the meadow grass;
And the gates of the sunset are open
For the dying day to pass.

Good night, the mountains are fading,
The voices of singing cease,
And the twilight, gracious and tender,
Is filling the valleys with peace.

Good night, for the summer is ended;
O Summer, of sunshine and balm!
With its dew of rare refreshment,
Its curtains of silence and calm.

O friends, whose faces of smiling
Have rainbowed its passage with light,
Whose hearts, more warm than its pulses,
Have been rest and a refuge, good night.

Good night, for the summer is ended;
O valley of quiet delight,
O mountains, forever unweary,
Forever unwandering, good night.

Good night! Be it bravely spoken,
Though song on the lip should cease;
For the joy of the vanished summer
Shall fill all the winter with peace.

FEBRUARY

There is no bird in the forest,
There is no flower on the plain,
No song in the cold, gray morning,
No green of the growing grain.

But home hath its song and its sunshine,
The heart hath its warmth and its cheer;
To the soul unselfish and hopeful
Comes no winter of the year.

WHAT MATTER?

Despise not thou the flowerless path
Thou treadest—who can tell
How soon 'twill open on the plains
Of heavenly asphodel?

What matter, then, though it shall lead
Across the desert sands,
Through thorny thickets, up the heights
Of unillumined lands,

Through heats of anguish, chilling floods,
Gethsemanes of pain,
Through blinding mists, through damps of death,
If at the last thou gain

The country of continual calm,
Where fears and fightings cease—
The goal of hope, the end of pain,
The dwelling place of peace?

ONLY THIS

Jesus, Lord, I ask but this:
Heavenly gain for earthly loss.
All the meaner things I miss
I will count indeed but dross
If Thou wilt but dwell within.
Then how blest this heart of mine,
All its poverty and sin
Changed to riches so divine.

Lost in peace my discontent,
Gloomy doubt in sunny trust;
Then, my selfish sorrow spent,
Flowers shall spring from lifeless dust.
With Thy presence all is gain—
Thou wilt heal each hurt and wrong,
Change to patience all my pain,
Grief to gladness, sighs to song.

Come, then, Jesus, quickly come:
Come and in my heart abide;
For all else my lips are dumb,
I forego all good beside.
Thou my paradise shalt be,
In Thee all my hopes shall rest,
If Thou do but dwell with me,
I shall be supremely blest.

ACQUIESCENCE

Here it is, your cup of sorrow.
Do not think
By refusal to escape it.
Take and drink.

Never mind if it be bitter
To your taste.
Of such drinks there's very rarely
Any waste.

Do not look for any sparkle
On the brim.
Grief in any guise, believe me,
Will be grim.

Here it is and you must drink it.
All the pain,
All the poison, and there's never
Any gain

In delaying. Take and drain it
With a smile;
Mayhap lookers-on will wonder,
All the while,

What strange drops of costly sweetness
Heaven decrees
For the rare gift of your drinking—
Times like these.

Better thus than stain your honor
Weeping loud.
Be not weak—'tis better even
To be proud.

Do not wait to wonder vainly,
 "Is it best?"
If it were, would that assurance
 Dull the zest

Of the pain that now must pierce you?
 Let it go.
Take your cup and, silent, drink it.
 Better so.

Slowly onward to the eternal
 All things flow.
If the ages have a cordial,
 You will know.

AS YOU WILL

Do you wish for kindness? Be kind.
Do you ask for truth? Be true.
What you give of yourself, you find:
 Your world is a reflex of you.

For life is a mirror. You smile,
 And a smile is your sure return;
Bear hate in your heart, and ere while
 All your world with hatred will burn.

Set love against love: Every deed
 Shall, armed as a fate, recoil.
You shall gather your fruit from the seed
 That you cast yourself in the soil.

Like answers to like: no power
 Can stay the blind force of the law
That fashions the perfect flower
 From the definite germ. No flaw

In the mould but will reappear
In the finished cast, to your shame.
Each kindling of anger or fear
Will warp your best deed with its flame.

Each act is a separate link
In the chain of your weal or your woe.
Cups you offer another to drink,
The taste of their dregs you shall know.

Look without: What you are—doubt it not—
You will see, you will feel in another.
Be your charity stainless of blot,
And how loving the heart of your brother!

COMPENSATION

Out of the black night bloomed a flower
Clear as a star and fair as the day;
In the sorrowful soil of one desolate hour
The germ of unspeakable gladness lay.

Out of the furnace the spotless gold,
Royalest roses from dead, dry dust;
Vitalest verdure on ruins old,
And out of our weakness a measureless trust.

Out of our loss an infinite gain:
Out of our grief an assurance of bliss;
The white flower of patience from deserts of pain,
And the sweet gift of peace from the joys that
we miss.

Out of our labor, life and strength;
Born of our need the prayers we speak;
And out of our earthly life, at length,
Shall blossom in beauty the heaven we seek.

TWILIGHT

Sometimes when shines the evening star
Low in the yellow west,
I think, of all the day, by far,
I like the twilight best.

No more of work, no more of play,
No more of news and noise;
Into this sabbath hour of day
Fit only quiet joys.

Glad is the early day, but sweet,
When all its hours are spent,
The time when come with weary feet
They who at morning went.

Then hope, now peace; then toil, now rest;
Then eager, forward tread;
Now sobered gladness at the best,
And drooping, thoughtful head.

The busy winds are laid to rest,
So is our busy care;
As shines serene the tinted west,
So all our life seems fair.

Fair, flushed with hopes that tint the gray
And give to calm a zest;
And so I like, of all the day,
The twilight hour the best.

So when at last our weary feet
Shall near life's twilight bound,
Serene, in expectation sweet,
May still our souls be found.

NOT KNOWING

I know not what to-morrow's sun
May bring of ease or pain;
I only know whatever's done
I shall not dare complain,
Since every day my Father's hand
Doth lead me where He will,
And, when I cannot understand,
I wait, and trust Him still.

From dangers that I cannot know
He guards my sheltered way,
And wheresoe'er He bids me go
I dare not say Him nay;
And if He gives me joy or grief,
His love in both I see,
Since all my pain has this relief:
It is His will for me.

THE OLD YEAR

Good-bye, old year, I owe thee naught but love!
Good-bye! The midnight hour is striking slow,
The changeless stars are shining bright above,
The changeless earth lies snowy white below.

Good-bye! I see the ghost of springtime pass,
And hear the bluebird bless the frosty air,
The sparrow chirping in the fresh, green grass,
The bustling robin at her household care.

Good-bye! The summer days glide, one by one,
Upon my sleepless vision—long, bright days,

Bathed in sweet dew and glad with shower and
sun—

And pass in splendor down their shining ways.

Good-bye! The mournful autumn winds I hear,

Sounding a requiem in the steadfast pines.

Dead are the flowers, the silent fields lie drear;

Cold falls the snow upon the leafless vines.

Good-bye, old year, the measured strokes are done;

Ended is all thy ministry of cheer;

Thy changeful course of joy and blessing run.

Forever, now, good-bye, O vanished year!

BEULAH

After this I beheld they were come into the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves awhile to rest. And because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards and vineyards that were here belonged to the King of the Celestial Country therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things. But a little while soon refreshed them here; for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sounded so melodiously that they could not sleep, and yet they received as much refreshment as if they slept their sleep ever so soundly.

—John Bunyan.

In this fair land, O pilgrims, long away,

Tarry and take your rest; forego your care;

Regret no more the journey long and dreary.

Glad is the present—all the future fair.

Here day and night the sun unclouded shineth,
Here are the orchards of your heavenly King,
And in their boughs the vigorous vine entwineth,
Heavy with fruit—and yours is everything.

Wait here and take your rest. The bells are ringing—

Melodious bells of sweetly sounding chime—
And from beyond the river marvelous singing—
While silver trumpets swell the rapturous rhyme.

Here grow the trees of frankincense so fragrant,
With all sweet spices—aloes, spikenard, myrrh—
Tall camphor trees and fresh vines climbing vagrant,
Whose perfumed leaves celestial breezes stir.

Here balsams bend their spicy boughs consoling,
Here bloom unfading flowers of heavenly birth;
Here, just beyond the river, gently rolling,
Open entrancing visions not of earth.

No sorrow here—no saddening thought or feeling,
All hearts at peace—grief lost in blissful calm;
Sweet sights, sweet sounds on all the senses stealing;
All earth is smiling—all the air is balm.

Here come the “shining ones” from heaven’s own
blisses

To lead worn pilgrims through the golden gates;
No faithful one the breaking glory misses,
Nor ever is forgotten one who waits.

No burden more—no grief, no chill derision;
Soon, soon the angel comes to break the cord

Of mortal life; here wait the heavenly vision
And then depart—forever with your Lord.

The earthly shadows flee, oh fast and faster,
And all the distance openeth shining bright.
O blessed promise of our Lord and Master—
“At evening time it surely shall be light.”

O perfect rest! O peace beyond expressing!
O fruits of love! O gifts of heavenly grace!
Bring, Lord, our souls to Beulah, land of blessing—
Till, robed in white, we see Thee face to face.

GOOD CHEER

That day is long that brings not some kind word,
In which no note of cheerful song is heard;
That night is dark in which shines forth no star,
And dull the task where no true comrades are.

Blest is the ear that lists for kindly speech,
Which every cheerful sound is sure to reach,
Which in all discord finds the hidden key
That turns the harshness into harmony.

Blest eye that, when the heavy clouds stretch far,
Turns to the one clear space where shines a star;
Which ever in dank swamp or woodland's gloom
Finds that lone nook where lovely orchids bloom.

Blest is the soul that in the swelling tide
Of fierce affliction still can safe abide
As seeing One, on boisterous deep upstayed,
Who whispers, “It is I, be not afraid.”

Blest is the faith that, when the closing tomb
Hides every earthly hope, can through the gloom
Undaunted look into the darkening skies
And see afar the Eternal City rise.

A faith that sees all seeming ill may hold
A germ of good, as husks the seed enfold,
Knowing that all things work together still
To serve the purpose of a loving will.

LIFE IN DEATH

When all the hill tops silent lie
In morning's frosty light,
When earth and air and cloudy sky
Alike are cold and white,

I think with joy what pulses warm
Beneath the snowdrifts beat,
How earth's dear children, safe from harm,
Lie wrapped in slumber sweet;

Or, busy with their shuttles fleet,
Their faithful forces ply
To weave their garments green to greet
A sometime smiling sky.

I think how, while the wild winds blow,
And revel, king with king,
Arbutus paints her bloom of snow
And waits, and dreams of spring.

How, too, despite the cruel cold,
The fresh, green grasses grow,
And pansies spin their cloth of gold
Just underneath the snow.

How now the brave marsh marigold
And rushes lithe and strong,
Ready to pierce the yielding mold,
Wait but the signal song

Of bluebird in the alders brown,
Piping his call so clear,
Not all the jealous winds can drown
His voice of ringing cheer.

Bind fast your chains relentless cold,
Clouds, shed your treasured snow;
No matter now how fierce and cold
May be the blasts that blow.

For soon in sweet spring's softening breath
Will cease this stormy strife.
See, O my soul, how surely death
Is swallowed up of life.

HASTEN

Hasten on, O year of freedom,
Year of God,
That shall see the final breaking
Of the rod.

Year whose gift of peace shall gladden
All our bounds—
That shall bring the blessed healing
Of our wounds.

Dawn, O year of resurrection—
Pierce the gloom
Of our sin and strife and sorrow.
From their tomb

Lead at last the waiting millions
Glad and strong;
In the hearts long sealed in sorrow
Put a song.

Speed, O year of hope, thy coming—
Year of God;
Spread the sunshine of thy freedom
All abroad.

O Refiner of the nations,
By the heat
Of this furnace of our suffering
Make us meet

For a form of fairer molding
At the last,
When the trial of our purging
Shall be past.

Newly molded, O Refiner,
Give new grace—
Crowned with fair, reflected likeness
Of Thy face.

MILLY AND I

Down at Beverly beach last summer,
The same house held Milly and me—
A great house with broad bay windows,
And balcony facing the sea.

Milly's home was the smiling Southland,
And 'mong the gray mountains was mine;
She talked of the sunshine and summer,
And I of the land of the pine.

We walked on the beach together
And watched for the tardy tide,
And sat in the cool veranda
When the rest had gone for a ride.

We went sailing sometimes of a morning,
When the sea was quiet and blue,
And oft down the beach went strolling
When the rim of the crescent was new.

One night when the music was merry,
And the great rooms were giddy with glee,
I stood by the side of fair Milly
On the balcony facing the sea.

And we watched the bright waves come flowing,
Flowing up on the welcoming shore—
And talked of the sea and the Southland,
And then of the mountains once more.

Milly thought she should like the mountains,
I thought she would like them too;
So I offered to take her to see them—
Indeed, what else could I do?

Well, this is the story of Milly—
A story not new or strange—
She came from the pleasant Southland
To live in a mountain grange.

HOW LONG

"How long," we plead impatient, "Oh, how long?"
The while the air grows hoarse with battle cries;
But He who sees and judges all the wrong
"Gives," so we say, "no answer," yet, "All-wise,
All-powerful," pray we still, "the right defend."
Our vision may not pierce the veiled skies.
By faith alone His audience we gain
Who through the ages hears the voices rise
From dungeons, deserts, martyrdoms of fire.
He knoweth all; let this suffice—far higher
Than ours His thoughts to whom our prayers
ascend.
So, though our land be red with battle stain,
Can we not patient bide unto the end
And bear the purging of the appointed pain?

CONTENT

I would not know if I could,
What my Father is keeping in store;
What He willeth for me I would,
And I ask of Him nothing more.

He maketh the lilies to grow,
He hears the young ravens' cry;
They toil not, they strive not, but, lo,
They trust Him, and why should not I?

So great is His love and so free,
That, as oft as I voice my desire,
So large is His bounty to me
My soul is too glad to inquire.

If no sparrow unnoticed can fall,
Or escape from His loving eye,
Will He hear not His children's call,
When unto their Father they cry?

What He made is His own; if He take
At His will, shall I, therefore, complain?
Love takes, I am sure, for love's sake;
Shall I peevishly pet my pain?

Nay, I would not be shown, if I might,
What He keepeth in store for me;
Never out of His loving sight,
What matter that I do not see?

ONE BY ONE

One by one the days go by;
Dark or fair, they do not stay;
One by one they dawn, they die,
Bearing all their gifts away.

Days of joy and days of grief,
Each with offerings all its own—
Opening roses, falling leaf—
Each related, each alone.

Something each to do or bear—
Each its task, and each its rest,
Each the burden of its care—
Care that gives to joy its zest.

Never when surpassing fair
Will they linger when we plead;

Never hasten for our prayer
When in grief we bid them speed.

One by one, they come, they go,
Fleeing onward, fateful, stern,
Like the river's ceaseless flow,
Onward never to return.

THE NAME OF JESUS

O name of Jesus, blessed name!
Highest in earth or heaven;
Foundation of our faith, for which
No other name is given.

Name sung by saints and angel host
In all the realms above;
Prevailing plea of sinners lost,
Blest synonym of love!

Solace of every sorrowing soul,
Our refuge from despair,
Sure anchor when strong billows roll
And pledge of answered prayer.

Through it the sinful, lame and blind
Found pardon, strength and sight;
So we, by faith like theirs, may find
Day for our darkest night.

Unending praise to Him who came
To save from guilt and fear;
O Jesus, let no other name
Be to our hearts so dear.

WAR

War? War? Do we hear aright,
Or is it the treacherous air?
Couldst thou stoop with a foe to fight,
O Columbia, so proud and so fair?

War? War? In the conquering light
Of this almost millennial hour?
In this age of right over might,
O country of freedom and power?

Launch thy stately, thy beautiful ships
In war's deadly service, and so
To belie the grace of thy lips,
Fair Columbia? No, ah, no.

O thou, so supremely free,
Standing strong in thy garments of peace,
To whose refuge the nations flee,
Be it thine to bid wars to cease.

Be it thine to uplift and to save;
Be it thine to be noble as strong;
In thy greatness as generous as brave;
Thine to key the millennial song

Of victory and glory and might
To Him who in patience still,
Throned high in celestial light,
Rules dominions and thrones at His will.

SLEEP ON—MAY 30

Sleep on, O well-beloved and brave;
Sleep long and well,
Who, self forgetful, fought to save,
And, fighting, fell.

Again the faithful springtime yields
Her wealth of bloom;
For flowers the turf in all the fields
Makes joyful room.

And glad we bring to deck your graves
The roses sweet;
For you they blossomed, gallant braves,
To you repeat

Our love, our gratitude, our grief;
To you who rose
And brought, through blood and death, relief
From direst woes.

Your memory still in martial song
We celebrate;
Your valorous victory over wrong
And deadly hate.

Sleep on! For Freedom's blessed sake
So low you lie.
Sleep on! Immortally to wake
To glory high.

Who loseth here his life, to save,
His life shall find;
Who makes in sacrifice his grave,
Death cannot bind.

Deeds, noble deeds, are ne'er forgot,
But last for aye;
Sleep on! But sacred in our thought
You live to-day.

SPRING SONG

O the apple blossoms,
O the roses sweet;
O the songs of gladness
Where the thrushes meet!

O the swaying grasses
Where the bob-o-links swing;
O the yellow twilights
When the robins sing!

O the light and laughter
Of the woods and ways!
All things glad and gracious
Crown the long May days.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

When Christmas comes, the shepherds say,
The stars more brightly glow,
And restless meteors shoot away
And seek the earth below.

And at the midnight hour—they tell
Such tales, I know not why—
They still can hear, if listening well,
Sweet singing in the sky.

And in the holy hush they hear—
Their white flocks lying still—
The blessèd words drop sweet and clear:
“Good-will, peace and good will.”

It may be but a fancy sweet,
It may be they but dream,
Yet say not nay—so closely meet
The things that are and seem.

For well we know at Christmas time,
When bells ring glad and clear,
The old refrain falls through the chime,
So plain that all may hear,

“Good-will, good will! peace and good-will!”
On earth, in heaven the same.
What wonder should the angels still
Join in the blest acclaim?

And in the sacred noon of night,
When moon and stars shine clear,
’Twere easy to mistake their light
For angel faces near.

Faces of friends who ne’er forget,
But love us to the end,
And come on heavenly errands yet,
To strengthen or defend.

To guide our stumbling feet aright,
Each vain regret to still,
To part the veils that dim our sight,
To fix our wavering will.

Dear messengers of grace between
Our need and heavenly powers,
Linking the unseen to the seen,
Their blissful life to ours.

At Christmas time, it well may be,
They nearer to us press,
And in our stronger yearning see
Their greater power to bless.

And so we wonder not that heaven
More near and open seems,
And to our sense some glimpse is given
In answer to our dreams.

ONLY A DAY

All in the early morning,
The morning cool and gray,
I went to the dewy meadows—
Went to make the hay.
And I swung my scythe with the mowers,
Swung it with a will—
While slowly the yellow sunshine
Came creeping down the hill.

Creeping down till the grasses
All in its brightness lay,
And the lark in haste rose singing,
Singing into the day.
'Till the mowers grew gay with laughter,
And noisy with song and jest;
But I swung my scythe in silence,
Yet swung it with the rest.

And so till the full-eyed noonday
 Stared down on the meadows low,
While the brook ran clear as silver
 And the lilies were white as snow.
While we stirred the new-mown grasses,
 And tossed them to the sun,
And under the willows waited
 When the mowing all was done.

And we ate from our wicker baskets,
 And drank from the running stream,
And I ate and drank with the mowers,
 But it seemed to me all a dream;
While the scent of the withering grasses
 Rose sweet on the summer air,
And the blue sky bent above us
 And smiled serenely fair.

And the bobolinks sang on my silence,
 Till their rakes the mowers took,
Till the willows lengthened their shadows
 Over the silver brook.
All while the sun sank slowly
 Down in the crimsoning west,
We worked with a will at the windrows,
 And in silence I raked with the rest.

Till over the green, sweet meadows
 The daylight began to wane,
And in haste the merry drivers
 Came shouting down the lane;
Till the heavy wains were loaded,
 And the bobolinks all were still;
And we saw the full moon rising
 Over the eastern hill.

Then out of the cool, green meadows,
In the glow of the crimson west,
We all walked slowly homeward,
And in silence I walked with the rest;
And the cloudless summer evening—
The evening hallowed and still—
Dropped the hush of its benediction
On meadow and hamlet and hill.

Under the vine-crowned gateway,
Under the star-lit sky,
I stood silent—one other beside me—
And the mowers were not nigh.
Just over our heads, in the shadow,
The dewy vine leaves stirred,
And a sweet trill dropped from among them,
From the dream of a sleeping bird.

And here—once for all—I had spoken;
Spoken straight from my heart—
And here—once for all—she had answered,
For the maiden had no art.
And so now we both stood silent,
For love has not much to say—
And thus ended that day of summer
When I made in the meadows the hay.

TOO LATE

We did not know how soon the gate
Would open to her feet—
Her weary feet that trod so late
This dingy, dusty street.

We did not know how near her life
Verged to the eternal day;

Nor on its long unaided strife
What benediction lay.

How near to her—forgive our blame—
Christ's heart of pity yearned;
How oft the blessèd angels came
To comfort her we spurned.

Her sinking spirit to sustain
When hope and joy were spent;
Perfecting patience in her pain
And in her toil, content.

Alas, had we but felt her need,
And smoothed her pathway too;
Had we but lent our hand to lead
Her fainting footsteps through!

Our gifts we now would fain bestow,
But all too late—for she,
Whose grave is heaped to-night with snow,
Is richer far than we.

O Father, lead us day by day,
And perfect us in love
That we the faith for which we pray
By works of love may prove.

Teach us the erring still to bless,
And more and more, Oh make
Us, yearning Heart of tenderness,
Be tender for Thy sake!

GATHERING PRIMROSES

Jessie, when the sweet May-blossoms
Flecked the valley lands with snow,
With her basket went, one morning,
Where the pale primroses grow—
Why she went, ah, who shall know?

Robins cheered her from the lilacs,
And the sunshine, warm and bright,
Dropped its benediction on her
And her heart was bounding light—
Happy Jessie! Well it might.

All along her pathway, violets
Lifted up their starry eyes,
Smiling on her, and she wondered
How they came to be so wise—
And her heart made sweet replies.

All the hedge with dew drops glittered,
All the grass beneath her feet;
And the larks down in the meadow
Sang a welcome low and sweet—
Welcome for the maiden meet.

One clear brook ran through the meadow,
And it gave a gladdening gleam
When fair Jessie tripped across it,
But the maid was in a dream—
And it lost its laugh—kind stream.

But at last the sweet primroses,
Bathed in sunlight, strewed the ground,
Pretty blossoms! Pretty maiden—
Pretty dew-besprinkled mound!
Were the blossoms all she found?

Everybody likes primroses—
So, 'twas nothing strange, you know,
That Abijah Hill should happen
Just that bright May morn to go
Where the pale primroses grow.

And 'twas nothing strange that Jessie,
Lifting up her deep blue eyes
To the radiant face beside her,
Veiled her joy with sweet surprise—
Little Jessie May was wise.

"Now," the youth said, "I will help you."
Jessie answered, "You are kind,
And for your reward I'll give you
Fairest flower that you shall find."
"Thanks; but *I* shall choose it, mind."

So they plucked the pale primroses—
Plucked them slowly, one by one,
Talking much and laughing gayly
Till the pleasant task was done.
While above the wooded hilltops
High and higher climbed the sun.

"Now I wish you were a primrose,"
Said Abijah with a sigh,
"Oh, how queer," said gentle Jessie,
Opening wide each violet eye,
"Wish *I* were a primrose! Why?"

"Just because," Abijah answered,
"Mine's the fairest flower you know,
And I cannot choose among them
Where so many fair ones grow.

But were you a primrose, Jessie,
Which was fairest I should know."

"Ah, I wish I *were* a primrose,"
Jessie said, with blushing brow;
"But," the simple maiden added,
"What if you should choose me now?"
So 'twas settled, well enow.

A PICTURE

A cot by many summers browned,
A long, low porch with grape-vines crowned,
Sweet jasmine by the wall;
With bright birds flitting in and out,
And dropping dainty songs about
To cheer and gladden all.

A mimic mound of daisy stars,
A ladder mounting lattice bars
Where blossoming woodbines climb;
A flock of white-winged butterflies
That in a snowy cloudlet rise
From off a bed of thyme.

A rosebush bending with its bloom,
Sweet briers reaching out for room
Across the casement low;
A humming bird with wavering wings
And breast begirt with rainbow rings
Swift flashing to and fro.

A verdant lawn sloping away
To fragrant fields of new-mown hay;
A clear stream straying wide,
Weaving its thread of silver sheen

Among the meadows broad and green
That spread their sheets of bloom between
The hills on either side.

The great hills strown with shadows brown,
And white flocks wandering up and down
With plummy pines plaiting a crown
Upon their foreheads high;
And, spanning all, serene and bright,
And glorifying all with light.
The cloudless summer sky.

IN REMEMBRANCE

—E. G. D.

Rare soul, so late from earthly bondage freed,
What glad fruition answers now thy need?
What wondrous scenes upon thy vision ope?
What splendors crown thy ever-ardent hope?

Dear one, so loath were we to let thee go;
What deep, unshadowed peace doth round thee
flow?
What blessed knowledge, past our highest thought,
Dost thou possess, so lately knowing not?

So lately through the veil seeing but dim
How all life's loneliest ways must lead to Him—
To Him who "bore our sorrows"—blessed word!
The very sweetest human lips e'er heard.

Dost thou remember now life's grief and loss,
Since to such bliss has changed thy heavy cross?
Hast learned the mystery, dear, in time so brief,
Why deepest love must end in sharpest grief?

Now in what heavenly rapture dost thou move,
Joined hand in hand with those thou here didst
love;

In full content, in joy supreme, and wise
In all the sweetest lore of Paradise!

Welcome wert thou, we know, to choirs above,
Endeared by all thy ministries of love;
So gentle thou, so tender, true and strong—
Thy earthly life one long, sweet Sabbath song.

Farewell to thee, so hard it is to say;
But harder were it, dear, to bid thee stay.
Thy welcome upward call how could we hear,
Nor bid thee speed, whom we had held so dear?

So, speed; we leave our bitter tears unshed;
Swift to the light thy ministering angels led;
Safe to thine own in realms serene and fair;
Peace and farewell until we meet thee there.

VICTORY

The Lord is risen to-day;
While tireless ages roll,
Death shall have no more sway.
Be glad, O sorrowing soul.

Wide swings the sealed door;
Joy now instead of tears;
No hopeless mourning more,
No dread, no shrinking fears.

Each sacred form we lay
Within the hallowed earth
Shall wake at break of day
Unto a heavenlier birth.

Each blighted earthly hope
Shall into gladness bloom;
Each life find infinite scope,
For this one vacant tomb.

Henceforth each breaking dawn
Shall fairer, holier be,
Because of this transcendent morn
When life from death rose free.

IN THE VALLEY

All day in the valley;
The clover is red,
The silver-white birches
Bend over my head.

There's breath of sweet-brier,
There's humming of bees,
The warble of water,
The talk of the trees.

There are birds in the birches
That sing, out of sight,
Through the low-drooping branches
Drop arrows of light.

And I love the sweet valley—
Its coolness and calm;
I grow glad in its riches
Of beauty and balm.

Above me the mountains
Tower stately and clear;
The voice of their fountains
Is greeting me here.

I look to the summits
Where suns always shine,
To the haunts that are higher
And grander than mine.

And I think, as I look,
Of the rapture and rhyme
Of a life on the hights
Where I never can climb.

Where the air's freshest currents
Eternally flow,
And landscapes and oceans
Lie spreading below.

I think of the pathways
So breezy and free,
Leading off to the lands
That I never shall see.

What glory of vision,
Unclouded and high!
So far from the valley,
So near to the sky!

So I look to the mountains,
But linger not long;
I am low in the valley
Of shadow and song.

The brown bees are humming,
The clover is bright;
Through the green leaves are falling
The arrows of light.

Sitting thus in the shelter—
The birds singing near—
I grow glad in the beauty
That blesses me here.

I look toward the summits
Where bright bows are bent;
But I stay in the valley
With more than content.

GOOD-NIGHT

Good-night! Life is not long,
And brief is pain;
Good-night, good-night for aye,
Our souls are twain.

The morning light of faith
Has darkened soon;
Not every rosy dawn
Heralds clear noon.

So sundered are our souls,
Since faith is o'er,
No boundless ocean breadths
Could part us more.

Our daily paths may meet,
But nevermore
Our hearts' calm-flowing waves
Will touch the shore

Of passionate speech—no breath
From quiet isles

Of our souls' tropic seas—
No swift, glad smiles

Shall blossom o'er our words—
Our words so cold—
No hand of magic power
Can ever mold

To one sweet law our souls—
And so, good-night!
It need not make us sad,
God's ways are right.

He never placed the badge
Upon our souls
Of kinship—Be content.
An ocean rolls

Between us two—what then?
Life is not long—
Will death not strike the key
To some new song?

Who knows? But we'll not weep.
The cause is light.
We have no faith to keep—
And so good-night!

SUCCESS

It does not come by wishing,
It does not come by prayer;
But in the doing of thy task
Thy fate pursues thee fair.

Luck grants no blindfold favor—
No dreaming drone he crowns;
But slow and sure persistence
He always greets and owns.

Success is not a blunder—
A blessing by mistake—
Complain not if you miss it.
It comes not for your sake?

Well, do your work and rest not.
Give, asking not again;
The universe will widen
Unto your narrow ken.

Give love and life and labor,
And seek not but to bless.
Defeat and loss will teach you
Far more than mere success.

THANKSGIVING

Thanks, thanks! Let all lips be vocal,
All hearts be tuned to praise;
Burdened are basket and storehouse;
Glad, glad are the Autumn days.

Praise, praise to the bountiful Giver;
He toucheth valley and hill,

They are covered with living verdure,
They bloom and bear fruit at His will.

"He watereth the hills from his chambers,"
The brooks through the valleys run;
The grain springs green in the furrow,
The young leaves dance in the sun.

He calls, and on wings of the morning
Swift homeward the swallows fly;
The robins sing in the orchards,
The sap in the trees mounts high.

He breathes on the hillside and meadow;
The fields and the woodland bowers,
All shrubs and herbs and grasses
Are clothed in a robe of flowers.

Thanks, thanks for the warmth of springtime,
For its forces sweet and strong;
For its swelling tides of gladness,
Its wealth of bloom and song.

Thanks, thanks for the glowing summer,
For the seas of ripening grain—
The wheat that laughed in the sunshine,
The corn that burdened the plain.

Thanks, thanks for the Autumn glory;
For the wondrous light that lies
On mountain and hill and valley
All stained with a thousand dyes.

Thanks, thanks for the cloudless sunshine,
The peerless splendor of noon,

The heavenly hues of the sunset,
The peace of the harvest moon.

O year of bounty and blessing!
O days of sweetness and balm!
O mornings of multiplied mercy!
O evenings of beauty and balm!

Thanks for all to the bounteous Giver!
Pay tribute of love and praise
To Him who is ever gracious
In all His works and ways.

CONFIDENCE.

Psalm XXIII

The Lord my Shepherd is and I
Shall know no want nor ill.
In pastures green He makes me lie
And leads by waters still.

In love He doth my soul restore
From guilt and sin's distress,
And for His name's sake, leads once more
In paths of righteousness.

Yea, though death's shadows compass me
I yet will fear no ill,
For there thy rod and staff shall be
My stay and comfort still.

Thou dost with oil anoint my head:
My cup with joy o'erflows.
For me Thou dost a table spread
In presence of my foes.

Goodness and mercy all my days
My grateful lips shall tell,
And, joyful in Thy house of praise
I shall forever dwell.

AFTER ASCENSION

O Savior, ascended on high,
Forget not our want and our woe,
Who only our need can supply,
Who only our sorrow can know.

High now on the throne of Thy power,
Whom seraph and cherubim praise,
Forget not Gethsemane's hour
When cries of contrition we raise.

Forget not the cross and the thorn,
Exalted in glory above,
When prayers, of our suffering born,
Ascend to the throne of Thy love.

Dear Jesus, Thy life here below—
Its hunger, its tears and its pain,
Have taught us Thy kinship in woe.
Oh, crown us with joy in Thy reign.

"Acquainted with grief"—blessed word!
Oh, kindly our sorrow relieve,
And, after our cross, gracious Lord,
Us into Thy glory receive.

SONG OF SUMMER

Shine and shower: shower and shine:
Here comes a bumblebee ready to dine.
Where have you been, you gold-belted rover?
Now take your fill from the sweet white clover.

Sing and fly; fly and sing:
Black and white bobolinks on the wing!
While round and round, now high, now low,
On airy journeys the swallows go.

Red and sweet; sweet and red:
Roses on every garden bed:
Roses and robins, blossom and song:
Long are the days, and glad as long.

Hum and dart: dart and hum:
Here is the sprite of summer come!
Wandering, winged, from nook to nook,
Rainbowed humming bird! listen! look!

Gold and green, green and gold,
Dandelions thick as the turf can hold;
While the laughing leaves each other greet,
And vie with the birds in concert sweet.

Light and warmth; warmth and light:
And the big, kind moon to bless the night.
The earth at her best in dress and tune—
Perfection of summer—joyous June.

NUTTING

Away in the distant woodland,
On the southern slope of the hill
That bounded the vision of boyhood ,
The old beeches are standing still.

You can see them—the same old beeches—
Through memory's purple haze,
And over you falls the sunshine
Of the old October days.

And there are your merry comrades,
And happy groups of girls—
There are violet eyes of brightness,
And a shine of golden curls.

The smooth brown nuts are lying
Thick on the leaf-strown ground,
And jesting and joyous laughter
Echo merrily round.

One by one, from the spaces of sunshine,
The loosening leaves float down—
Slow through the still air sailing—
Crimson and gold and brown.

Now and then a lingering wood-bird,
From the bending boughs overhead,
Drops a jubilant ripple of singing—
A note from the May that is dead.

O blessèd October sunshine!
O haze on the old home hill!
O blue eyes that brightened your boyhood,
And beam on your memory still!

The sun shines to-day on the hillslope,
The old beeches are bending low,
But you drifted away from their shelter
Full many a year ago.

When your feet are weary with marching,
When sorrows and cares increase,
Go back and sit in their shadow:
They will give you quiet and peace.

The hope and the faith that are wasted
Will return with the visions of yore,
And the child-heart, trustful and tender,
Come back to your breast once more.

TRUST

O gracious Lord, how can I doubt
Thy ever-watchful care?
My coming in, my going out
Thou dost in love prepare.

No moment of the changing day
That can escape Thy view.
How soon soe'er it pass away
It finds Thy mercy new.

Thy gifts of providence and grace
The hastening dawn outrun.
I see the shining of Thy face
Before the rising sun..

And when at length in twilight pales
The light of changeful day,
Thy grateful presence never fails
To guide my shadowed way.

For, loving Lord, Thou dost not bless
With plenteous gifts alone;
In pain and loss and lack no less
Is Thy great goodness shown.

So I will praise Thee in the light,
When I Thy blessings see;
Nor cease to trust in darkest night,
Since darkness hides not Thee.

A REPLY

You have no "gift of speech," you say, and surely
that is true;
For many and many a man I know has smoother
words than you:
Has smoother words and phrases fitter for gentle
ears,
Yet well I know your rougher tone is tenderer
than appears,
And often when you speak my eyes are filled with
happy tears.

You have "no wealth or honored name:" ah, well!
that little gold
Can furnish gilding for your gifts I need not have
been told;
For surely you're not overwise, as worldly maxims
go,
And the feet of fickle fortune will come to meet
you slow—
Yet I, in loving you to-day, am richer than you
know.

You never heard me vainly speak of your gentle
birth, you know,

For yours is not a noble name, I knew it long ago.
None will ever see it graven on proud memorial
stone,
And I shall not often hear it from lips besides my
own;
But can it be less dear to me that 'tis dear to me
alone,
The while I think our souls are one in sight of
God's white throne?

It may be names mean less up there, and souls
mean more than here;
That many pass uncrowned below that to our Lord
are dear.
It may be in our social creeds some hidden error
lies,
That what we here most loved and praised will
wear far different guise
When we shall view our earthly life with un-
clouded eyes.

EASTER MORNING

Break, O day, in beauty break!
Spread your tints of rarest rose—
Morn on which our Lord doth wake,
Victor over all his foes.

Haste, O sun, thy light to shed:
Let thy beams the garden bless
Where He riseth from the dead—
Greater sun of righteousness.

Nay, too late thy splendors shine,
Empty is the sacred tomb.

Early risen, his light divine
Bids immortal hopes to bloom.

Rise, my soul, in gladness rise;
Christ, thy life, from death appears.
He who, loving, in Him dies,
Dying, lives through endless years.

Nevermore shall death's dread might
Rule, since Christ forever lives;
He, the Lord of life and light,
Victory gaining, victory gives.

Praise, my soul, break forth in praise;
Praises sing, all that hath breath.
Heaven and earth, your voices raise—
Life hath triumphed over death.

ONCE

You gave me some violets one spring day;
You do not remember, I know.
The woodlands were gay with the banners of May,
And the hawthorn was white as snow.

You smiled as you gave them, and only said,
"I gathered them down by the shore."
But the banks where they grew have a greenness
since
That never had graced them before.

There was naught in the smile or the words you
said,
And foolish 'twas not to forget;
But my heart held the smile when the flowers were
dead,
And your tone is haunting me yet.

And here are the flowers, all withered, you see;
But the broken lute brings back the song—
And these faded leaves ray out with the smile
That has haunted my heart so long.

Now the woodlands are gay with the banners of
May,
And the violets down by the shore
Are brightening the banks that border the bay,
But you do not smile any more.

WHAT?

Here lies a dead leaf on the April grass—
The growing grass; a year ago to-day
It graced with life this budding bough—alas!
How brief a time to ripen and decay.

It had its little life of gala green,
Its noonday sunshine, evening's freshening dew,
The rapture of the rainbowed showers between,
The transient glory of its autumn hue.

And then a gust came: all was over. Well,
Here on the new spring grass it lies—sad sign
Of death in life. Poor leaf! I cannot tell
What God meant in your making—or in mine.

REUNION

Once in the pleasant May,
All in the sunny weather,
When woods and fields were gay,
We spent a day together—
A little day that passed away
Without an hour for sorrow,
Which smiling rose, whose smiling close
Was pledge of fair to-morrow.

We meet again to-night:
The spring melts into summer;
The June sky bendeth bright
To bless each homeward comer.
For, year by year, still gathering here,
We come with happy greeting;
Though paths stray far, one shining star
Will guide them to a meeting.

Glad let our meeting be,
And cheerful be our singing;
Suns set, May mornings flee,
But joy-bells still are ringing.
Flowers fade, we know, but, fast or slow,
New wreaths are always twining;
And somewhere still, on vale or hill,
The blessed sun is shining.

DREAMING

Last evening, Mary, from my boat
I saw, close by the shore,
A little cottage leaf-embowered,
And, through the open door,
I saw the light upon the hearth,
And often on the wall,
As to and fro the inmates passed,
I saw the shadows fall.

Without, the stars serene and fair
Came peopling all the sky;
And like a princess proud the moon
Looked calmly from on high.
The sound of voices soft and low
Fell through the balmy air,
And, though I could not see the smiles,
I knew the smiles were there.

My oars lay still: the slumbering waves
Had hushed their quiet song,
And toward the cottage on the shore
I looked and listened long.
I could not plainly see a face—
I know that one was fair—
But by the tones of tenderness
I knew that love was there.

"O happy, happy group," I thought;
"From care and turmoil free."
"Ah, yes," quoth Mary, "true enough;
How happy they must be!"
"Mary, I saw it all in sleep:
'Twas only I and you;
But, if you think them happy, why
Not make my dreaming true?"

WHY?

A bird survives the man of genius, and I know not what strange despair seizes the heart when one has lost what one loves, and still sees the breath of life animate an insect that creeps upon the earth from which the most noble object has disappeared.—*Madame de Staël*.

Here she lies and will not wake:
Naught can e'er the silence break
Now that holds her: Love's warm breath
Hath no power o'er pitiless Death.
Springing with the dawn's faint red,
Fresh the breeze blows o'er her bed;
Only yesterday, and she
Felt its greeting light and free;
Only yesterday that star,
Glowing on the horizon far,
Shone for her; while, from his bough,
Sang the wren—is singing now;
But to-day, nor star, nor song
Cheers her on her journey long.

Then the roses red and white
Blossomed bravely in her sight;
All unconscious blossom still,
And her room with sweetness fill,
While the brown bees come and go
On sweet errands to and fro,
And the frail, blithe butterflies
Float about in gaudy dyes
On the morning air and sip
Honey from each lily's lip.

Naught is changed. The brightening skies
Wait the sun; each shadow flies.

Glad with song, in bright array,
Comes the full midsummer day.
Life goes on: but here she lies,
Waking not. Ah, what far skies
Bend above her now? Our tears
Vex her not; our cares, our fears
All forgotten. Glad of heart,
Nature takes not any part
In our sorrow. Birds and flowers
Dearer treasures are than ours.
Strange, sad mystery! She away,
They survive to greet the day.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT HOME

Come, pile the blazing fagots higher,
And bid the bright flame rise;
While brighter than the glowing fire
Shines light of loving eyes.

The world is wide, the world is gay,
And pleasant 'tis to roam;
But never comes so glad a day
As when we gather home.

Full many gentle tones we hear
While far and near we stray;
But never voices half so dear
As those that speak to-day.

Full many, many eyes are bright,
But none so fair e'er shone
As these whose light beams here to-night
Around the hearth at home.

Then chase, to-night, all care away,
And bring your best of cheer;
For never comes so glad a day
As when we gather here.

A PARTING SONG

Come, sing a song together;
This is our parting day—
All in the glad June weather—
We may no longer stay.
Swift, swift the hours are fleeting
To bring our farewell greeting;
For 'tis our parting day:
We must away.

Spring ripens into summer,
Whose joys too soon are past;
And each most welcome comer
Bids farewell at the last.
Short, short song's sweetest measures,
And transient all life's pleasures;
But memory holds them all
At ready call.

When, care and labor pressing,
Our heart and hope shall chill,
The dew of peace and blessing
Shall fall upon us still;
For sweet the thoughts we'll carry
Of days that would not tarry
That now are ending here—
Days of good cheer.

Then, one more song together,
Since 'tis our parting day—
All in the bright June weather—
For we must be away.
'Mid summer splendors straying,
We'll not forget our Maying,
For love can never die:
And so, good-by.

JUNE

To One in Heaven

June? Is it June? I cannot make it true.
The bloom, the brightness here—but where are
you?
So full of life, of song, of grace, each day—
Earth at her best—and you so far away.

No more for you blossoms the rich, red rose,
Or swelling tide of greenness overflows.
The unfolding dawn, the robin's homely cheer
Are naught to you, yet once to you how dear!

No more for you doth hill or fragrant field
The tender solace of its beauty yield.
Noon's shimmering haze, the sunset's crimson glow,
The still lake whitened with the lily's snow.

O Life so sweet! So strange! O bright Beyond!
Unfold the mystery of your secret bond.
Near, near, or far, O dear but vanished one,
What love, what cheer, when earthly life is done?

What suns, what stars, what hopes, what visions
fair,

What blissful tasks demand your loving care?
Oh, send some sign. In what bright realms to-day
Roams your freed spirit on its starward way?

EVERY DAY

Every day a dowry brings; seize it while you may.
Very little matters it, if you go or stay.

Certain as that rosy dawning tells the day begun,
Cheerful souls will find a blessing ere the day is
done.

Seeing eyes will find forever wonders new and old,
Hidden treasures for the seeker richer far than
gold.

Souls sincere, at one with Nature and with Na-
ture's God,

Thrive on common things, as grasses on their na-
tive sod.

In the glad spring's myriad voices hearing ears
will hear,

Blending in harmonious concord, messages of
cheer.

In the bluebird's glad evangel on a frosty April
morn,

Read the prophecy of summer with her waves of
rustling corn;

And the robin's first wild chirping in the leafless
orchard trees,

What a sweet and gracious meaning hath it unto
souls like these!

Who in calm content stand waiting—listening,
looking, asking why,

While the fair world's panorama, ever-shifting,
passes by.

When the willows spread their catkins yellow on
their boughs so red,

And the alders fling their tassels forth from
 branches bare and dead;
 When the sweet relenting maples yield their life
 blood at our will,
 And the crystal drops of nectar trickle in the
 woodlands still;
 When the cheerful crows are cawing, flying slow
 from hill to hill,
 And at early morn the thrushes all the fields with
 music fill;
 When the wild geese, northward hasting, stretch
 their noisy, dusky line,
 And we hear the eager lowing of the long-impris-
 oned kine;
 When in sheltered, mossy hollows wakes the May-
 flower from her sleep,
 And in sky-blue hoods the violets 'mid the spring-
 ing grasses peep;
 When the genial southwind, blowing softly from
 the distant seas,
 With the rain's sweet-tongued persuasion into
 greenness wins the trees;
 When the bobolink's liquid laughter flows above
 the fresh, green clover,
 And the brave, bright dandelions star the grassy
 meadows over;
 When the cowslip—flower belovèd—strews the
 brookside with her gold,
 And, O wondrous revelation! When the apple buds
 unfold
 In a pink and pearly splendor which no words
 could e'er portray,
 Marvelous miracle of beauty—clear as starlight,
 fair as day;
 When the swiftly-flying swallows through the sun-
 lit spaces skim,

And the frogs' wild diapason swells upon the twilight dim,
Who would sigh for tropic splendors, orange groves of snow and gold,
Who would even seek Damascus with her beauty all untold?
Who would change our hill-crowned valleys with their sights and sounds so sweet,
For the Switzer's far-famed homeland lying lowly at the feet
Of the snowy Alps that guard it? Have we not as bright a sun,
Skies as blue and bold-browed summits clustered round our Washington?
Can we dream of fairer pictures, brighter color, sweeter tune,
Than our loved New England showeth on a perfect day in June?
Could you ever feel a keener sense of quiet and of home
Than when from the fragrant pastures home the cows at nightfall come?
And from all the dusky hillsides falls the bleating of the lambs,
Seeking from their wayward wanderings shelter of the sober dams.
When the thrush sings in the distance and from out the woodland still
In the slowly-gathering darkness calls the mournful whip-poor-will.
Can there be a fairer vision under burning tropic suns
Than our wheat fields when across them like a sprite the west wind runs?
Were there any greener forests ever fabled, ever sung,

Than our own where nests the rabbit and the part-
ridge leads her young?
Does the sea make grander music when the swell-
ing tide sweeps high,
Than the east wind's sounding trumpets 'mong the
hills that round us lie?
Have you ever in your roaming over countries
strange and wide
Found displayed such royal splendors in October's
magic tide?
And for fabled golden apples who would ever
vainly sigh
While, far-strown, the ripening pumpkins in Sep-
tember's sunshine lie?
And when, too, in all the orchards, crimson, russet,
dropping slow,
Falls the burden of the branches to the warm, green
turf below?

And when—autumn's glory faded—all the bare
trees, standing still,
Waiting for their snowy crowning, when from hill
to hazy hill
Restless crows fly, calling, calling, and the squir-
rels chatter loud,
When the west wind drives before it every truant,
loitering cloud;
When slow through the brooding sunshine float the
thistle seeds like ghosts,
And in sheltered corners gather swallows bound
for warmer coasts,
Even then—when flocking homeward from the dis-
tant pasture lands
Long estranged, the barn-yard tenants come in
lowing, bleating bands—

Then in silent expectation Nature waits, and with
her we—
Till the crowning of her patience in a vision fair
we see—
Till, some keen and frosty morning, all in snowy
silence lie
Hill and valley, field and forest, underneath the
soft, gray sky.

So the varied year is ended—so the swift years
come and go—
Rising from a flowery cradle, sinking to a tomb
of snow;
While forever and forever, painted on the sky
above,
On the fruitful fields beneath it still we read the
name of Love.
Set to music in the breezes, in the voice of brook
and bird,
Bringing trust and glad contentment, still we hear
the blessed word.
Even when sharp-toothed disappointment nips our
pleasures in the bud,
When affliction's raging billows cover us as with a
flood,
Doth not still the bow of promise arch with heav-
enly light the gloom—
Token bright of covenant favor—love divine in
fadeless bloom?
Let us take the good gifts offered by our fast re-
ceding days,
Knowing well a loving Father guides our feet,
appoints our ways;
Giving now unto our seeking more than even we
hoped to gain—

Then a redbreast's simple singing, mayhap in the
gathering rain.
But who knows, to souls that listen when God's
voice is plainest heard,
In the thunder of the whirlwind, or the singing of
a bird?
To confound the high and mighty still He chooses
weapons weak,
Yet in still, small voice He speaketh—only listen—
He will speak.
Still in seeking souls and humble, as of old, He
makes His home,
Only love the things He loveth—only wait, and
He will come.
Still by simple means He worketh; rain and sun-
shine, air and dew;
Make them, too, your faithful helpers: to your
homely tasks be true.
He who once loved fair Judea—land of hills and
flocks and brooks—
With a tender eye and watchful on our sunny hill-
sides looks.
Let us read His loving gospel in the revelations
sweet
Of the bending sky above us, of the earth beneath
our feet.
And, in all our rest or labor—every day in glad
content—
Let us take the gifts it brings us ere its shining
hours be spent.

A PROPHECY

The bluebird sings: his trill of hope
Comes ringing down yon snowy slope,
Saying, "Cheer up; cheer up: 'tis Spring!
I bear her message on my wing."

Good-bye to winter dark and cold;
Good-bye to sorrows new and old.
Welcome to hope and warmth and cheer,
The bluebird sings and Spring is here.

How soon each frost-bound field and wood
Will hear this prophecy of good;
Now buds may swell, now sap may flow,
And happy brooks may seaward go.

A thousand, thousand sleeping things
Waken when first the bluebird sings;
And 'neath the sheltering turf begin
With joy their festal robes to spin.

What hear I in this clear refrain?
The gladdening sound of April rain,
The flow of waves, the hum of bees,
The gossip of the woodland trees.

A prophet's voice so sweet, so strong;
Though waits the glad fulfillment long,
Hope, ever trustful, trusts anew
And holds the blessed promise true.

The sun is hid, the clouds hang low
With sullen threats of drifting snow,
And in the leafless boughs I hear
The North Wind sound his bugle clear.

But since I've heard the bluebird sing,
No matter what the days may bring.
The envious winds may wake or sleep,
My heart with Spring her tryst will keep.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST

'Twas in a chill and cheerless time,
Such as all toilers know,
When forth into the yielding rime
The sowers went to sow.

Patient they labored, long and well,
And up and down the mead,
Into the deep, damp furrows fell
The widely scattered seed.

But sadly when the task was done,
Weary of heart and hand,
They looked in vain to see the sun
Shine on the darkened land.

No promise on the chill, gray wold,
In cloudy sky no cheer;
Hid are the shining grains of gold.
When will the blades appear?

* * * * *

To-day the sun's resplendent glow
Floods all the fertile plain;
And early forth the reapers go
To reap the ripened grain.

Home, when the harvest time is past,
With shouts the sheaves are brought,
And each receives reward at last
For all his hands have wrought.

O toilers in unfruitful fields,
Who still unhoping moil,
The busy springtime never yields
Respite from earnest toil.

Work on! Sometime, somewhere, the seed
You cast into the mold
Shall recompense your broadest need
With fruit a hundred fold.

LOSS

So your pretty rose is fading;
Let it go.
Would you keep it till the falling
Of the snow?

Seeing thus the blight upon it,
Do not try
Still to hold it from decaying.
Let it die.

Did you watch its fair unfolding
In the sun?
Now to-day its leaves are dropping,
One by one.

Did you praise it in the freshness
Of the morn?
Now, alas, you dare not press it,
For its thorn.

Did you breathe with joy its fragrance
At high noon?
After noon comes night, and beauty
Fadeth soon.

Nay, nay, do not waste upon it
Dew of tears;
You will still have other sorrows
In the years
That are coming. This sweet blossom
Is not all.
Be at peace, for soon another
Frost will fall.

Does it matter that you loved it?
Anywhere
Is it written, "What man loveth
Death shall spare?"

What we mortals say God giveth
Is but lent.
Yet, does that bring any healing
Of the rent

Of our souls when o'er their blossoms
Chill blight blows
And we feel the fatal falling
Of the snows?

Nay, but elsewhere comes the healing—
For we know
There shall be a resurrection
After snow.

In the summer of that country
Far away,
Shall we heed the blighting autumn
Of to-day?

When our souls have reaped the harvests
Of our tears

Shall we feel the lack and losses
Of these years?

Will our spirits be the poorer
In the hour
Of our triumph for the losing
Of some flower

That we compassed with our loving?
Will our song
Be the sadder for the memory
Of some wrong

Over which we grieved upon this
Hither shore?
Shall we think the burdens heavy
That we bore?

LED

Lord of Life, Thy tender care
Doth in love our way prepare;
'Neath Thy ever watchful eye
All our separate pathways lie.

When we wander Thou dost know,
And restoring grace bestow,
Leading by a gentle hand
To a large and pleasant land.

Suffering long our idle tears,
Patient with our foolish fears,
Patient though we grieve Thee long;
Lord, forgive, and make us strong.

SHUT YOUR EYES

Shut your eyes some summer day
In a meadow sweet with new-mown hay;
While on the scented grass you lie,
Shut your eyes and look at the sky.
Did ever the great world seem so nigh?
All things come to you waiting so;
Close by your side the lilies grow,
Plain to your hearing the waters flow;
Never did white clouds stoop so low.
Soft falls the murmur of mountain pine,
The wonderful show of shadow and shine
On the great green hills is plain to your sight.
The butterflies float in the purple light,
The bob-o-link swings on the bending grass,
Swift over your head the swallows pass
On through the haze to the homestead eaves.
You feel the faint stir of the heated leaves,
And all the wide landscape's life and light
Lives anew on your inner sight.
Shut your eyes in a clear, calm night;
Banish the moon and stars from sight;
Banish the earth with its gossip and glare,
With all its cumber and all its care;
Cleanse your spirit of strife and stain,
Soothe its restlessness, quiet its pain.
So, safe in the silence, shut your eyes,
And lo! a new realm on your vision will rise.
Fragrances sweet on your senses will glide
From your soul's Eden over the tide.
Distinct as you listen there fall on your ears
Sounds of the morning from higher spheres.
There are pillars of cloud and a crystal sea,
The spreading leaves of the life-giving tree
Drop soft dews of healing; through opal bars

Streams a lustre softer than light of stars.
Ah, what are the rags of your earthly hope
When thus the gates of your vision ope?
O, then, when blinded by earth's cheap glare,
See how a firmament broad and fair,
Firmament fairer than earthly skies,
Curtains your spirit—shut your eyes.
Shut your eyes when weary with care,
Weary with seeking the good and the fair,
Weary of labor without reward,
Weary of seeking in vain the Lord
Of life and of light—from your seeking cease.
Wait! and He cometh who giveth peace.
Cease from your fever and your fear;
All the good of your world is near.
Rest in the valley green and low,
All things come to you waiting so.
Never a word that was spoken for you,
Never a fact essential and true
To your own true being but, now or then,
It shall surely be yours—what matter when?
There is not a gift in God's right hand—
Friendship or fame, or houses or land,
Losses or crosses, penalty, pain,
Bounty or blessing, grief or gain—
But it shall come to you where you are;
Here is your work and your Master not far.
Cease from your seeking—shut your eyes,
And your joy will come as a sweet surprise.
Cease from your praying—do not call,
Nothing can miss you, for God knows all.
All things to cheer you shall bid you hail,
All yours shall bless you, and never can fail
A single sweet syllable out of the rhyme,
One faintest note of the perfect chime
Of your being's completeness—bide your time.

A VALENTINE

I send this rose my love to greet—
A winter rose—but not less sweet
Than if its petals were a part
Of sultry summer's fiery heart.

I send it on the dearest quest—
This glowing rose my lips have pressed;
My heart goes with it on its way
To seek thine own; oh, say not nay!

AN OLD FRIEND

April is here—the same glad smile and voice of
ringing cheer;
I know her by a hundred ways, and all her ways
are dear.
She has her pretty, tricky moods, but always heart
of grace;
And if in smiles, or if in tears, how passing fair
her face!

The brooks are singing glad and loud, I know just
what they say,
I've heard them singing just the same, how many
an April day!
The green beside each water course is spreading
fast and far;
And oh, how tender is the turf where the sweet
white violets are.

Hepatica spreads brave her bloom on sheltered
hillside slope,
Nor will she for the frost forego one jot of heart
or hope.

In homestead trees the robin sings, the bluebird
pipes his cheer;
How true his blithesome message rings: "The
summer days are near."

In nooks her lovers only know, among the last
year's leaves,
Arbutus out of tinted snow her fragrant blossom
weaves.

Alders their tassels brown unfold, the idle winds
to please;
The willows wear their wealth of gold, the spoil
of brigand bees.

The frogs make vocal every fen, and cheer the twi-
lights long;

Gay redwings swing among the reeds and chant
their strident song.

O Life! O joy! in earth, in air, O long and glad-
some days!

Welcome to April, blithe and fair, with all her
winsome ways!

ASSURANCE

O thou so sore distressed,
Dismiss thy fear.
What evil can betide
Since One is near

Who knows each hurt and pain,
Each secret thought,
And wisely still appoints
Thy earthly lot?

Who never, never fails
Thy faintest call;
Who feels thy griefs, since He
Hath borne them all;

Who tempers to shorn lambs
His hurtful winds;
Who clothes the toilless flowers—
Who knows and minds

All birds—who will not break
The bruised reed—
Will He not then regard
His children's need?

Be still! Thou needst not fear
The deadliest harms;
For through the deepest dark
Reach loving arms—

Arms ever strong to save—
And, listening long,
Thou wilt not miss the voice
Sweeter than song,

"Let not your heart be troubled,
For, since ye
Believe in God, believe
Also in me."

O listen, and believe
That in thy heart
One speaks who nevermore
Will from thee part.